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THE

PROSPECTS OF PERU

THE END OF THE GUANO AGE AND
A DESCRIPTION THEREOF

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

THE GUANO DEPOSITS AND 'NITRATE' PLAINS

BY

A. J. DUFFIELD

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'Come unto these yellow sands —*The Tempest*

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THE

PROSPECTS OF PERU.

THE good prospects of Peru and Peruvian Bonds depend absolutely upon the continued prosperity of Chili, her moral integrity, her commercial enterprise, and her ability to undertake and successfully conduct the management of great affairs, combined with foresight and power to hold the territory she has conquered, until, at least, she has indemnified herself for the heavy charges she has incurred in her war with Peru.

Peru, jealous of Chili, was, it is now well known, the first to bring on a war, which has ended in her capital falling into the hands of the conquering Chilians. The jealousy in question was a trade jealousy ; and how it arose can be stated in simple words.

The late President Pardo, a man of excellent natural abilities, who was brought up to busi-

ness, and possessed a more than average commercial education, was elected President of Peru solely on that account, and in opposition to the will of the rich families, professional capitalists, gamblers, speculators, and the immense crowd of men and women, who for lack of a better term may be called hangers-on to whatever treacle, sugar-pot or honey, a corrupt Government can always make available to a corrupt people, and in opposition, especially, to that vast portion of the population whose delight consists in cocked hats and glitter, as well as the innumerable families who are proud of including in their circles field-marshals, generals, colonels, majors, and captains, men and other creatures whose delight for the most part is in the painted pomp of war, but whose claim to be soldiers is exactly similar to the claim of a common Peruvian priest to be a Christian; both being rank impostors, equally ridiculous, and equally worthy of contempt. Having grown heartily sick of military presidents, military pilferers, military ministers, and the whole swarm of military impostors, some good and honest Peruvian gentlemen resolved, for once, on having a business man at the head of their affairs, and therefore it was that Don Manuel Pardo in due time

became President of Peru. Business Pardo proved that he possessed as much moral and physical courage as any man among his military opponents. His public speeches were uncommonly plain; the common people heard them gladly, and could understand them; and it was becoming obvious to the military impostors, pilferers, hangers-on, and general blood-suckers of the Republic that Business Pardo intended to keep accounts, and present quarterly balance sheets, that should be clear to the meanest Peruvian capacity. From the moment that this purpose of taking the common people of Peru into his confidence became known to the great families, the sugar-boilers and planters, the *hacendados*, the rich *traperos*, the rich *mercachifles*, and everybody else who was rich—or swore that he was—from that moment they sought to destroy him. How manfully he bore himself under menaces of death; how, unarmed, he faced the cowards that were hired to kill him, how he made his white-livered enemies quail when he had the chance of meeting them face to face; how, in a manner perfectly agreeable to the manners of Peru, in its Guano Age, he was at last shot through the back and killed, as he was entering the door of the Peruvian Senate

House to attend to his public duties—killed by a Peruvian soldier, clothed, fed, and fattened on guano—need not be set down here more particularly.

When Business Pardo, with his commercial training, and quarterly balance sheets—made plain to the meanest capacity—saw that the end of the guano trade was drawing nigh, he proposed that the Peruvian Government should go into a better and more wholesome business, and set up as a manufacturer of Nitrate of Soda. Being a man of large grasp he moved the Congress of Peru to bring in a bill to enable the President to acquire all the nitrate works of the province of Tarapaca ; and being also a man of uncommon business capacity he so arranged matters that, in an incredibly short space of time, fifty-one makers of nitrate gave in their consent to sell their works to the Government for a sum, the total of which amounted to eighteen million dollars. With the utmost promptitude each establishment was measured, inventoried, and appraised ; and Peru, to all intents and purposes, entered upon her new career as a manufacturing chemist; and the least that can be said of that change is that it was infinitely superior to her old trade of selling

dung. But it was so far like unto the dung business that it was also to be a monopoly. Peru believed that she, alone, could supply nitrate to Europe, as she alone had, for more than a generation supplied it with guano. Some of her imaginative children indulged in the fond conceit that Peru might possibly come to be a moulder of European politics. For if she alone commanded the monopoly of making gunpowder on a mighty scale, nothing more need be said to prove that she could ask her own price for the bloody, smutty grain—and be sure to get it—as well as obtain a name for herself as great as that of the Emperor of Trebizond, at least.

Now, immediately after the nitrate makers had sold their business establishments to Peru, some of them went to Chili; indeed, several experienced Englishmen and Germans of the highest business capacity—business experience and business fame—who still carry about them a strong smell of guano, had also at that time important branch establishments of business in Valparaiso, and with far-reaching sight had already made use of a knowledge common to many, and began buying up—for an old song—patches of sandy land in the desert of Atacama—not far

from Cobija, Mexillones, and Antofagasta, where also were to be found beds of a poor kind of guano. When Business Pardo had now a long time been lying in his grave, some of these enterprising foreign commercial houses of Valparaiso began to make fresh discoveries of nitrate in the said desert of Atacama, right under the tropic of Capricorn. But it is likely that these deposits of a valuable salt would not have been discovered, or if discovered by the Chilians, would have obtained little or no regard from them, had it not so happened that other discoveries of a more exciting nature had been made also right under the same tropic of Capricorn, and almost in the same parallel of latitude. These were the silver mines of Caracoles, rich in the native precious metal, as well as in the sulphides thereof. The desert of Atacama—although it never rains there, strange to tell, began to flourish as the rose ; the hills of Caracoles broke out into singing—but to Chili tunes. Caracoles, it should be observed, is in Bolivian territory, but removed some four hundred miles from the Bolivian government, with a magnificent sea of sand intervening, and nothing else. I have traversed that motionless sea more than once—and once went through the

trying experience of being lost in it, which experience, together with that of the more joyous one of finding myself again, has given me an uncommon interest in those countries; and which, I may be allowed to say in passing, is the only interest I retain. The people of Bolivia paid little heed to the tidings from Caracoles. The reports were altogether too good to be true of the newly found treasure, and had they not, to their sorrow, been often deceived before? But the reports turned out to be all true, which truth they discovered coincidently with the other discovery, namely, that the Chilians had bought up the principal claims—as, under the constitution of Bolivia, they had a perfect right to do. Chili capital flew in apace to Caracoles, together with Chili timber, Chili mills, tools, and men. A road speedily spanned the desert, and connected the mines with the sea coast at Antofagasta, which as speedily rose into a busy port. As was natural, Bolivia claimed both port, and mines, and the salt deposits, or at any rate the right to impose a duty on the export of salt and silver from her territory. Equally naturally the Chilians resisted such claim, or refused to recognise it. Had Bolivia been equal to the

task of keeping the peace, by maintaining her own laws, and giving due effect to her thoroughly liberal constitution, it is not likely that Chili would have entered upon any dispute with Bolivia.

But another change came over the desert, which brought things to a crisis. With the rise of the new port of Antofagasta, and the continued prosperity of Caracoles, sudden and great value was given to the salt, or nitrate deposits, found close by, and which proved to be extensive as well as rich.

Thereupon the Chilians began to manufacture nitrate: and thereupon was engendered the commercial jealousy of Peru. It became painfully possible that she might lose the monopoly in her new trade, and her conceit of being able to mould European politics—or at least to raise the price of gunpowder at her pleasure, and rig the war market when she chose, turned out to be, even under her very nose, nothing but smoke of straw. But not only would Peru have no monopoly in the nitrate trade, her competitor would be her ever busy, hard-working, commercially honest neighbour, Chili.

Then it was that Peru sought a secret

alliance with Bolivia. On condition that Bolivia would lay claim to the territory which contained the nitrate deposits, and impose a heavy duty on the export of nitrate to Europe, Peru would compel Chili to give up the port of Antofagasta, or conform to the fiscal policy of Bolivia.

The secret of the secret alliance between Peru and Bolivia speedily became known to Chili—and to defend her subjects, to compel Bolivia to observe the letter and spirit of her own constitution—which admitted foreigners to the undisputed right to hold property in her territory, to work mines, make discoveries, and do whatever else they liked within the limits of written law—as well as to hinder murder and theft, Chili declared war against Peru.

There was nothing else for her to do.

Chili has obtained the sanction of the opinion of Europe for the course she then took. She will not fail to act in her hour of victory as a power that cannot afford to forfeit the esteem and approbation of her friends. There is every reason to warrant the belief that Chili will administer the affairs of the west coast of Peru in such wise that the old trade with England will again revive, while there is not the least

ground for the suspicion that she will commit herself to any course that will not command the sanction of her best friends, who are at the same time her creditors and customers.

Evil-minded men will not fail to spread alarms. When it may suit their purpose they will coin lies about impending conflicts with the Argentine Republic, or the Araucanian Indians, or that Pierola—the adventurer to whom Peru owes her present misery—is organising his forces in the mountains, and may be expected on any morning to descend and sweep the Chilians into the sea.

None of these things can happen.

The Argentine Republic and Chili are on friendly terms, and there is not the least likelihood of any breach taking place between them.

The old scare of the Araucanian Indians is, to use a classic phrase, played out.

Pierola cannot organise any force in the mountains, for the only forces that can exist there are the winds and the sand, and these are beyond the control of such a nincompoop as Pierola. To be of any use at all, supposing that an army of guerillos could be got together, they must be mounted on horses; but if the men and the horses were forthcoming, there is ab-

solutely no means of feeding them, for there is no available food for man or beast that can be secured.

All the food supplies, as well as means of transport, are entirely and absolutely in the hands of Chili. By all, I mean that there is not a patch of potatoes on the whole coast of Peru that could be got at by a Peruvian force—there is no stream of water that is not guarded, no field nor farm, however big or little, that could be made to yield a handful of grass or alfalfa to ass, or mule, or horse, or Peruvian man, without the consent of Chili.

It is, therefore, idle to doubt the ability of Chili to hold to her conquests as long as she pleases, or to believe that Pierola or any other guano Peruvian is equal to rising from the dead.

The fear to be apprehended most, and the only one, is that the Chilians will begin to quarrel among themselves. This, of course, would reduce everything to hopeless chaos. But there is not the slightest ground for supposing anything so foolish. It is indeed simply impossible, for there is nothing to quarrel about. The revolutions, as they are called, so common in Peru and to all other South American Republics, are all but unknown in Chili. Peru has had more

than a hundred revolutions, where Chili has not had two.

On the other hand, Peru cannot be united. You shall as easily combine salt with water and make it into a hard and compact mass, as combine the present race of Peruvians, and make them as compact as their conquerors are.

This is a study in history—not merely a groundless opinion—it is a statement founded on facts that can be set forth with the clearness and compactness of the multiplication table.

And it is worth doing.

Although Peru can, if it likes, boast of its Age of Guano, it has had its Golden Age. This was before any Spaniard had put his foot in the country, and when as yet it was called by quite another name. The name of Peru, which signifies nothing, arose by accident or mistake. It was first of all spelled Piru, no doubt from Biru, the native name of one of its rivers. Time and use, which establish so many things, have established the name of Peru ; and by that insignificant name the country must continue to be known.

Recent investigations of the most interesting nature have been made, which show that the coast from the Equator to the Loa—embracing

a distance covered by twenty-three degrees—was once highly cultivated, and that the Golden Age was preceded by a mighty age of stone. It is to be regretted that no material evidence of equal tangibility is forthcoming of the Age of Gold. This is generally the result of comparison founded on historical criticism.

In the Golden Age Peru had—

I. A significant name, a well-ordered, fixed, and firm government, with hereditary rulers. Only one rebellion occurred in twelve reigns, and only two revolutions are recorded in the whole history of the Inca Empire.

II. The land was religiously cultivated.

III. There was a perfect system of irrigation, and water was made the servant and slave of man.

IV. The land was equally divided periodically between the Deity, the Inca, the nobles, and the people.

V. Strong municipal laws enforced, and an intelligent and vigorous administration carried out these laws, which provided for cleanliness, health, and order.

VI. Idleness was punished as a crime; work

abounded for all; and no one could want, much less starve.

VII. No lawsuit could last longer, or its decision be delayed more, than five days.

VIII. Throughout the land the people everywhere were taught such industrial arts as were good and useful, and were also trained by a regular system of bodily exercises for purposes of health, and the defence of the nation.

IX. Every male at a certain age married, and took upon himself the duties of citizenship and the responsibilities of a manly life: he owned his own house and lived in it, and a portion of land fell to him every year, which was enlarged as his family increased.

X. Great public works were constantly being built which added to the strength and glory of the kingdom. The reign of each succeeding Inca was renowned for the new works that were built in different parts of the empire.

XI. Deleterious occupations or such as were injurious to health were prohibited.

XII. Gold was used for ornament, sacred vessels of the temple, and the service of the

Inca in his palaces. There is a tradition that this precious metal signified in their tongue '*Tears of the Sun.*' Whether this be an ancient or a modern tradition no one can tell us. It may be not more than three and a half centuries old, when the Spaniards first appeared, and the very sight of gold came to be regarded as a sign of coming desolation.

XIII. A man ravishing a virgin was buried alive.

XIV. A man ravishing a virgin of the Sun, that is, one of the vestal virgins of the Temple, was burnt alive.

XV. It was accounted infamous for a man or woman to wear other people's clothes, or clothes that were in rags, or clothes that were patched.

XVI. Well wrought roads and bridges were among the foremost public works which bound the vast country together.

XVII. Public granaries, for the storing of corn in case of emergency, were erected in all parts, and some very out-of-the-way parts of the kingdom.

XVIII. Woollen and cotton manufactures

were brought to great perfection. Examples of these remain to this day and bear comparison with those of our own time.

XIX. A thief suffered the loss of his eyes; and a creature committing the diabolical act of altering a water-course suffered death.

And to sum up, here is the true confession of Mancio Sierra Lejesama, one of the first Spanish Conquistadores of Peru, which confession he attached to his will made in the city of Cuzco on the 15th day of September, 1589, before one Geronimo Sanches de Quesada, escribano publico, and which has been preserved to us by Espinosa in his 'People's Dictionary,' art. 'Indio.'

'First of all,' says the dying Lejesama, 'before commencing my will I declare that I have much desired in all submission to acquaint His Catholic Majesty, the King Don Philip our Lord, seeing how Catholic and Christian he is, and how jealous for the service of God our Saviour, of what touches the discharge of my soul for the great part I took in the discovery, conquest, and peopling of these kingdoms, when we took them from those who were their masters, the Incas, who owned and ruled them as their own kingdoms, and put them under the royal crown.

And His Catholic Majesty shall understand that the said Incas governed these kingdoms on such wise that in them all there was no thief or vicious person, nor an idle man, nor a bad or an adulterous woman, nor were there allowed among them people of evil lives: men had their honest and profitable occupations, in all that pertained to mountain or mine, to the field, the forest, or the home, as in everything of use all was governed and divided after such sort that each one knew and held to his own without another interfering therewith: nor were lawsuits known among them: the affairs of war, although not few, interfered not with those of traffic, nor yet did these conflict with those of seed time and harvest, or with other matters whatsoever. All things from the greater to the less had their order, concert, and good management. The Incas were dreaded, obeyed, and respected by their subjects, as much for the greatness of their capacity as for the excellence of their rule. It was the same with the captains and governors of provinces. And as we found command, and strength, and force to rest in these, so had we to deprive them of these by the force of arms to subject them to, and press them into, the service of God our Lord, taking from them not only

all rule but their means of life also. And by the permission of God our Lord we were able to subject this kingdom of many people, and riches, and lords, making servants of them as now we see. I trust that His Majesty understands the motive which moves me to this relation, that it is for the purging of my conscience by this confession of my guilt. We have destroyed with our evil example people so well governed as these, who were so far from being inclined to wrong-doing or excess of any sort—both men and women—that an Indian with a hundred thousand dollars in gold and silver in his house, would leave it open, or would place a broom, or small stick across the threshold to signify that the owner was not within, and with that, as was their custom, no one would enter, nor take thence a single thing. When they saw us put doors to our houses, and locks on our doors, they understood that we were afraid of them, not that they would kill us, but that perhaps they might steal our things. When they saw that we had thieves among ourselves, and men who incited their wives and daughters to sin, they held us in low esteem. So great is the dissoluteness now among these natives, and their offences against God, owing to the evil example we have

set them in all things, that from doing nothing bad they have all—or nearly all—been converted in our day into a people who can do nothing good. This touches also His Majesty, who will take care that his conscience has no part in allowing these things to continue. With this I implore God to pardon me, Who has moved me to declare these matters, because I am the last to die of all the discoverers and *conquistadores*; for it is notorious that now there exists not one other of their number, but I only either in this kingdom or out of it, and with that I rest, having done all I am able for the discharge of my conscience.'

This might be called the epitaph of the Golden Age, written by a Spaniard who knew it, and helped to destroy it.

XX. Hospitality was a passion in that time, and what had been enjoined and practised as a national duty became a private virtue, procuring intense happiness in its exercise. Instances of this are on record that are not equalled in the history of any other people. Indeed it may be added as an additional fact that their hospitality was the means of their betrayal.

Lastly,— and these characteristics of our

Golden Age have been taken quite at random and as they have come to my recollection—the name by which the Incas most delighted themselves in being known was that of 'Lovers of the Poor.' In this Golden Age gunpowder was unknown, and the people for the most part were vegetarians. Animal food was eaten by the soldiery and the labouring people only at the great religious feasts. Fish, and the flesh of alpacas, were confined to the Incas and the nobles. This will account for many things which subsequently occurred, notably their easy conquest by the fire and meat-eating Spaniard.

Let us now write down our comparison of the Age of Guano with the Age of Gold.

I. The name and form of the Peruvian Government, it is true, are reduced to writing, but the Government is, and has been from the commencement of its Republican history, as unstable as water. President Pardo it is true, completed the whole term of his presidential life, but this is only the second instance of a Peruvian Republican President having done so. It would be difficult, almost impossible, to reckon up the number of revolutions which have taken place in the Age of Manure.

II. The land was not cultivated: the things, for the most part, which were taken to market, were those which grew spontaneously, without art or industry. The people who supplied the Lima market were chiefly Italians, while the greater part of the land remained barren and unproductive. Potatoes and other vegetables, wheat and barley, flour, fruits, and beef, all came from Chili and Equador, but chiefly from the former.

III. The great water-courses and system of irrigation which marked the Golden Age are all broken up, and the fructifying water, once stored for the use and service of man, first became his master, and has since remained his relentless tyrant.

IV. The land cannot be said to belong to any one. Certainly not to God. Even the Church, once a great proprietor and holder of slaves, was as lazy as the laziest drone in any known hive. Many of the large estates which flourished in the pre-Guano period have perished for lack of hands. The sugar plantations are exceptions for the present, but what will happen to them when the Chinese are all free is very uncertain. It may even be said to be a source of alarm to many thoughtful persons.

V. Of the municipal laws, which enjoined cleanliness, health, and public order, although great progress had been made in Central Lima, all that need be said is, that it is a wonder the inhabitants have survived, and that those who were not killed in last year's revolution had not been carried off by next year's plague.

VI. Idleness among the upper classes, *i.e.*, the whole white population, the descendants of Spain—those who supply the Army and Navy with officers, the Law with judges, the Church with bishops, and the rich daughters of sugar-boilers with husbands—idleness among these was the order of the day, and was punished by no one. To-morrow was the everlasting excuse for almost everybody, and yesterday has done nothing but light fools to dusty death; the to-morrow in which the useful and the good are to be done, remains to be seen.

VII. Going to law was not only an infamous passion in the Guano Age, it was a means of living. There must be few if any people of substance in Peru who have not known the bitter curse of the law's delay. I have known lawsuits of the most vexatious and cruel nature, and which, in any country where civilisation is

not a mere name, could never have been instituted, last, not five days, but five years, and, alas! even fifteen years. The captain and crew of the 'Talisman' could bear testimony to the difference between the administration of law in the Golden Age and in the Age of Manure.

VIII. The education of the people had never been seriously attempted, except in carrying a flimsy old musket. The Indians, who form the great bulk of the population, did not vote. That would have involved cultivation of the Indian's intellect, and he did not know what might happen to further embitter his lot if he had discovered to his rulers that he had a mind. He is perhaps the slyest of animals—more sly than a fox, more obstinate than an English mule, as timid as a squirrel, and as fond of intoxicating drink, and as much given to every varied form of vice as a Peruvian priest.

IX. Marriage law was disgracefully abused and neglected. Civil marriage was illegal, and ecclesiastical marriage little observed, except among the sugar-boilers, and such as mix in European society. It may be added that if marriage be a public virtue, large numbers of the Peruvians of the Manure Age could not be called virtuous.

X. Of the great public works in Peru, the chief during this time have been a penitentiary, a crystal palace in Lima, a floating dock at Callao, and a railway to the moon not yet finished, all built by foreigners and with English money. Emigration was one of the most important transactions of the Golden Age. There has been no serious attempt at promoting either emigration or immigration in a country so much in need of both; the migration of the native races was, and always has been, absolutely beyond the control of a Guano government.

XI. Of deleterious occupations and

XII. The use of gold, all that need be said is that each man in Peru did what he liked in his own eyes, and what is allowed in the most enlightened land under the sun: and in this regard she sinned in the universal company of the wide world; but the comparison with the Golden Age is not on that account the less painful.

XIII. Incontinence was general, and the number of illegitimate children greater than those born in wedlock. The crime punishable by the terrible death awarded to it in the Golden Age had disappeared, for reasons which need not be further noticed.

XIV. The scandals of the Temple or the Church have likewise changed in their character. I have known a bishop of the Peruvian State Church, sworn to celibacy, whose illegitimate children were more numerous than the years of his life, and he was of great age. I have known a parish priest who had living in several houses more than thirty children by several women. All Peruvian ecclesiastics were supposed to live celibate lives, bishops, priests, monks and nuns; and if they did not, the irregularity was winked at, nor was public morality shocked, however grossly and notoriously immoral the lives of these persons might be.

XV. The people for the most part were well dressed, but with the exception of the indigenous races, all used ready-made clothing. The dresses of all classes were ill-made, costly, and vulgar. The coffin in which a Peruvian of the Guano Period was carried to his last home was about the best-made suit he ever wore—certainly the best fitting.

XVI. Of roads and bridges of the present day, it would be amusing to write if the recollection of those I have passed over was not too painful. No man not born in an Age of Manure

who has travelled a thousand miles in the interior of Peru, or for that matter a hundred leagues, ever wishes to repeat the experiment. Many of these roads are but ruins of roads, and carry the usual aspect of roads which lead to ruin.

XVII. There were no public granaries. People lived from hand to mouth on what others grew for them and brought to them.

XVIII. There were no woollen manufactories. All the wool of the alpaca, the llama, and vicuña was sent to England to be made into things which the growers of the staple never saw, much less wore. No Peruvian of any social standing had the pluck or sense or industry to do anything towards extending the cultivation of alpaca wool. It is well known that the produce of this beautiful and docile animal might easily have been increased, just as the yield of merino wool has increased in Australia, if only common brains had been brought to bear upon the enterprise ; and instead of a yearly income of a few thousand dollars being derived from this source of national wealth, there might have been, within the limits of the Age of Guano, a net annual income of £10,000,000.

XIX. As for stealing—not that form of it

which comes within the range of petty larceny, but the wider and more awful range of felony—it may be safely said, that nearly all the public men steeped themselves to the neck in it, and the common people took to it as easily and naturally as birds in a garden take to sweet berries. Nor was there sufficient justice in the country to stamp out the offence. If the punishment awarded to this crime in the Golden Age had been inflicted in the Age of Guano, there would have been a limited sale for spectacles in Lima or the cities of the Peruvian coast, or the towns and cities of the mountains.

XX. It is delightful to turn to something in Peru that merits unlimited praise. The Golden Age was noted for its hospitality, not only as a social virtue practised by the people among themselves, but as extended to strangers. Pizarro had not been so successful in his conquest of Peru if he had not been so hospitably treated by the noble lady who entertained him on his first visit to Tumbez. The exhortation of Huayna Capac to his subjects to receive the bearded men—whose advent he announced—as superior beings, has been interpreted as the cause of the Spaniards' sudden success in a country that was well defended as well by

soldiers as numerous fortresses. 'Those words,' exclaimed an Inca noble some years afterwards, 'those last words of Inca Huayna Capac were our conquerors.' Among themselves it was the custom to eat their meals with open doors, and any passer by in need was welcomed in. Princesses and high-born ladies received visits from the mothers and daughters of the people, who provided the needle-work that was to occupy the time of the visit. Among English families of the better sort it is still a habit for a lady visitor to ask for some needlework to do during her visit if it lasts more than a day—a custom that deserves to be enquired into. The prevalence of a similar custom in our Golden Age increases its importance. The traveller, especially if he be an Englishman, who has travelled through modern Peru, even in the Guano Age, who does not bear a lively recollection of kindness and open-hearted hospitality, is most certainly to be pitied. I am quite aware that such persons exist. I have myself travelled in the saddle more than two thousand miles on less than as many farthings. The story of Master Arthur Orton at Melipilla is a case in point, and if the foolish men who still believe in him are in need of a livelihood which cannot

dispense with some of the elegancies and charms of life, they cannot do better than follow the tracks of that notorious pretender. I have lived in every kind of house, rancho, posta, cottage, quinta, and mansion, occupied by the various classes which make up the population of Peru. I have lived with archbishops and bishops, priests and monks, merchant princes, senators, judges, generals, miners, doctors, professional thieves, and widows, and I should be an ingrate indeed if I did not acknowledge with profound gratitude the kindness, oftentimes the affection, which I received, the liberality with which I was entertained, and the freedom I enjoyed.

The ladies of Peru are beautiful, natural, very intelligent, and fond of living an unconstrained life. Their climate is provocative of freedom, ease, and delightful idleness. Their fair speech and delightful wit partake of these characteristics. It is born of these. It can be misinterpreted—but only by those who know not their language, and do not respect their ways.

A common source of error on the subject of Peruvian hospitality arises from the fact that in Lima, for example, where everything is of the

colour and odour of the accursed commodity which gives its name to the age—in Lima, I say, a foreigner, even an Englishman, is rarely or never invited to dine with a native family. With us, if we meet a man in Bond Street, or anywhere on the wing, whom we have not seen for a year, we ask him to come and take pot-luck with us, and, if he is a foreigner, he generally does—and notwithstanding the detestable anxiety of our wives, our pot-luck dinners are the best dinners that we give. What is lacking in the mutton we can and often do make up with the bottle or the pipe. This is the kind of thing we expect in return when we visit Lima and pick up a man who has thus dined with us at home. But the thing is impossible. In Lima a married man dines with his grandmother, his wife's grandmother, his wife's father and mother, together with his own wife and children, whom the old people love to spoil with sugar-plums. The ladies are only half dressed, the service is somewhat slatternly, the dishes, although excellent in their way, are such as do not please the weak stomachs of benighted Englishmen, much less the French, who have not made the acquaintance of the puchero, the ajijaco, or the omnipresent dulces. In short, a

stranger at a Peruvian family dinner, unexpected and without a formal preparation, would be as acceptable as a dog at Mass. And when an Englishman is formally invited to one of these houses he never forgets the things done in his honour —the loads of dishes, the floods of wine, the magnificent dresses of the ladies, the elaborate display of everything; and oh! the stately coldness, the searching of dark eyes, and the awful sense of responsibility which rests on the being for whom all this has been done, and who is the solitary cause of it all. He never accepts another invitation. And yet the people strained every nerve to please him; they made themselves ill, they spent an awful sum of money, and less and less believe in dining a man as the most perfect form of showing him their respect or esteem.

But out of Lima—with its lies and guano, its military pilferers, its magnificent poverty, and paltry glitter—in El Campo, the country, where everybody is free as the air, everything is changed, everybody is happy, nothing goes wrong. The abundance is glorious, the ease and liberty delightful; there is nothing to equal it in the riding, dancing, eating, drinking, laughing, sleeping, dreaming, card-playing, smoking, joking world.

Indeed it is a new world altogether, and there is as much difference between a Peruvian man or woman in the country and the same people in Lima as there is between the flowers growing in the fields and the flowers that are plucked and sent to market.

El Señor Paz Soldan, in his 'Historia del Peru Independiente,' says: 'Peru, essentially hospitable, admitted into her bosom from the first days of her independence thousands of foreigners, to whom she extended not only the same fellowship she afforded her own children, but such was the goodness of the country that she considered these new comers as illustrious personages. Men who in their native country had never been anything but domestic servants, or waiters in a restaurant, among whom there might perhaps be numbered one or two who, by their superior ability, might, after the lapse of twenty years, come to be master traders or shopmen, have gained fortunes in Peru all at once, have won the hand of ladies of fortune, birth, riches and social distinction. Those who have entered the army or navy have quickly risen to the highest posts. If they devote themselves to business, at once they become capitalists; and in civil and political appointments the foreigner is

hardly to be distinguished from the native. The first decrees ever issued gave every protection and preference to foreigners resident in the country. They have the same right to the protection of the laws as Peruvians, without exception of persons. And yet, strange to say, and more painful to confess, many of these foreigners have been the cause of serious difficulties to the country, plunging it into conflicts which more or less have taken the gilt off the national honour. They have wished for themselves certain distinct national laws. They have thought themselves entitled to break whatever laws they pleased, and when the penalty has been enforced, they have applied to their Governments, who have always judged the question in an aspect the most unfavourable to the honour and interest of Peru.'

As regards this hospitality given to Englishmen by Peru, the statement is quite true ; true is it that many have married the rich daughters of ancient families, and made marvellous progress in all things that distinguish Dives from Lazarus. Men who would never have been anything but lackeys in their own country have become masters of high-born dames, and lands, and moneys in Peru. It is all true. Without

wishing to disparage my own countrymen, and still less my countrywomen, I am bound to confess that the Peruvians have not derived much edification from their presence and example. Within the Guano Age a British minister was shot dead at his own table in Lima while dining with his mistress. The captain of an English man-of-war lying in Callao was murdered in the outskirts of Lima while on a drunken spree: the murderers in both cases never being brought to justice, for reasons that need not be set forth.

The English merchants for the most part were men not noted for intellectual capacity, being innocent of culture or regard for it, of no good customs that reflected honour on the English name, and who gained fortunes after such fashion as only the practices of a corrupt government could connive at. There were some excellent exceptions. Few English ladies were ever permanently resident in Lima. It has been visited by one or two showy examples of the money-monger class; but the Lima people seldom had the opportunity of knowing by actual contact in their own country the gentry of England. This has been a disadvantage to us and to them of the greatest magnitude; for while we have

accepted the hospitality of Peru, we have not returned it in a manner worthy of England.

The matter is of more importance than it looks at first sight, and is well worthy of consideration. The Pacific Steam Navigation Company, with its magnificent fleet of steamers, has derived no small benefit from its connection with Peru ; and most certainly Peru has grown in many ways by its connection with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company.

The commanders and petty officers of the Steam Navigation Company in the Pacific have come more in contact with the better class of Peruvians than any other portion of the English community. They have, in fact, represented to the natives of Lima, Callao, Tacna, Arica, Iquique, and all along the Peruvian coast, the English character and the English way of life, and a grave responsibility rests upon many of them.

Among these numerous officers there were many good men—some gentlemen by birth, by race, instincts, and tastes, some who could speak grammatical English. No doubt, grammar to a sailor is an irksome thing, at any rate it is a thing of minor importance, and we rather like our sailors to be free of everything except their courage, their generosity, their love of

truth, and, above all, their glorious self-abnegation. But it is a pitiful sight to see a British tar with lavender kid-gloves on his fists, Havannah cigars in his mouth, rings on his fingers, and other apings of the fine gentleman; and it is not edifying to see him dressed in an authority he knows not how to adorn. Yet all these British tars were looked up to as English gentlemen, and, what is more as English captains; and not a few Peruvians came to the natural conclusion that it was no great thing to be an English gentleman after all.

It is most unpleasant to make these remarks; justice demands, however, that if we would criticise the Peruvians from an English standpoint, we should take into consideration the English example which has been placed before them during all the years of an Age of Guano.

An English sailor in every part of the commercial world which he visits is too often a disgrace to himself and a dishonour to his country. But in Peru he has been a standing disgrace to humanity. When on shore, if he was not drunk, he was kicking up a row; his language was foul, his manners brutal, his associates the off-scouring of the people, and his appearance that of a wild beast. We have of late been turning our attention

to unseaworthy ships, and the amount of wise and unwise talk that this important subject has evoked has been great and surprising. It is a pity that no one has thought it necessary to take up the subject of the unworthy sailor, which should include not only the ignorant, drunken, and grossly depraved seaman, but the oftentimes illiterate, ill-conditioned, and brutal creature called a captain, who commands him. There are many considerations why the captain of a British ship should be a man of good character, and there are imperative reasons why he should be compelled to earn a certificate of good conduct, as well as a certificate of proficiency in the science of navigation.

I recently had the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with nearly five hundred captains of merchant ships in the Pacific. I am ashamed to confess that the French, the Italian, the North American, and the Swede were every way superior men to the English captains. There were, I am very happy to say, some striking exceptions ; the superiority was not in physical force, but in intelligence, in manners, in the cleanliness in which they lived, and the sobriety of their lives. If the Pabellon de Pica could be compared to a pig-stye, the British

sailors who then frequented its strand may be likened unto swine. Indeed, it is an insult to that filth-investigating but sober brute to compare him with a being who at certain times is at once a madman, a drunkard, and not infrequently a murderer. It is not easy to escape the conviction that captains such as these must be of use to their employers, and are needed for purposes for which ordinary criminals would be unfitted. At the Pabellon de Pica a choice selection of these British worthies might be seen daily getting drunk on smuggled beer, winding up with smuggled brandy, wallowing among the filthiest filth of that foul concourse of filthy inhuman beings, a detestable example to all who witnessed it, and a living ensample of what England may be to a guano-selling people.

All this has come of our trying to do some justice to the Peruvians, and no doubt it will become us as quickly as possible to attend to the mote that is in our own eye.

It should likewise be borne in mind that the Peruvians have suffered the greatest indignities at the hands of successive British Governments. Claims for money of the most vexatious, frivolous, and irritating nature have been pressed upon Peru with an arrogance equal only to their

ridiculous extravagance. When at last, with great difficulty, our Government has been induced to submit one of these claims to arbitration, judgment has invariably been given against us—as it only could, or ought to have been given.

Nor should it be forgotten that for nearly fifty years the English have had their own burying-place at Bella Vista, which is midway between Lima and Callao, their own church and officiating chaplain. The Jews likewise had their synagogue, the Freemasons their lodges, the Chinese their temples, and although liberty of worship was never the law of the land, and vice was prevalent in all its forms, yet general toleration in religious matters did exist. The women of Lima, who retained the old religion with ten times more firmness than the men, were the sole opponents of all religious reforms in the Peruvian Constitution. And because the women stood in front of their Church, guarding it even with their lives, let us have some respect for them. They are a powerful and determined body, as courageous as they are beautiful, which is saying much. In times of great excitement they would take part in the parliamentary debates! Not, indeed, in a parliamentary and

constitutional manner, but in a manner quite effectual. These fair champions of their Church, when liberty of worship, or liberty of teaching, or any question that touched the Roman Catholic faith was under debate in the assembly, would proceed thither in the tapada attire, with only one eye visible, and from the Ladies' Gallery would throw handfuls of grass to a speaker —intimating thereby his relationship to one of our domestic quadrupeds—or garlands of tinsel, just as it pleased them, and as the words of the speaker were for or against their cause. Our own House of Commons might take knowledge of this, and pause before they remove the lattice work from before their Ladies' Gallery!

It seems to me that we cannot do better than prolong for yet a little while our acquaintance with some of the more uncommon affairs of Peru, in order to help us to understand what a people may be like, the foundation of whose character and fame is nothing else than manure.

During my recent visit to Lima I became privately aware that the Mormons had been invited to settle in Peru. Five hundred families of this formidable sect were at that time formally announced as being on their way to the

land of the Incas, and the Peruvian Government as having been very liberal in its grant of free land: this may be called a revolution indeed. A Spanish law existed in Peru but little more than half a century ago, which ran as follows: 'Because the inconveniences increase from foreigners passing to the Indies, who take up their residence in seaport towns and other places, some of whom are not to be trusted in the things of our holy Catholic faith, and because it becomes us diligently to see that no error is sown among the Indians and ignorant people, we command the Viceroys, the Audiencias, and the Governors, and we charge the Archbishops and Bishops that they do all that in them lies to sweep the earth of this people, and that they cast them out of the Indies and compel them to put to sea on the first occasion and at their own cost.' We may also note that among these sublime laws one may be found which absolutely forbade the importation of printed books from Spain to Peru.

Since then it cannot be denied that Peru has made great progress in the matter of toleration to foreigners. It has not perpetuated the arrogant, insane, and suicidal policy of the nation that expelled the Moors, the real bone and

muscle of the country, from its soil. And it may truly be said that what the Moors were to Andalusia and all Southern Spain, Europeans, Chinamen, and Negroes have been to Peru; supplying it not only with literature and science, but industry also. All the great estates of Peru are tilled by foreigners; so are its gardens. All the steam ships on its coast are driven by foreigners; foreigners surveyed and built their railways, their one great and almost useless pier, gave them gas, and would have given them water had the Peruvian Government been only wise. There is nothing of importance in the whole country that does not owe its existence to foreign capital and foreign thought, and it cannot be denied that Peru has done much in making her laws conform to such a state of things.

If there be a country in the teeming world which offers a field for Mormonism, it is Peru. If Mormonism be a belief that it is the chief end of man to multiply his species, to replenish the earth, and find the perfection of his being in subduing it, Peru is the very place for the Mormons. One might even go the length of saying that it was made on purpose for them.

Peru, with the immensity of its territory

and the riches that are enclosed in it, requires a people with a religious faith in the divinity of polygamy and agriculture to make the most of the truly wonderful land.

If the Mormons go and spy out the Department of Anchacs, with its riches, and then occupy it in force, they will create a new world.

Mormonism is not, with the exception of its name, new to Peru. The Incas were great breeders of men, they pushed their humanising conquests north and south ; not so much by the power of the spear and the sling, as by building great storehouses of corn. They first reduced the people whom they would conquer to the verge of starvation, and then fed them on sweeter food than they had ever tasted before. What the Incas gained by giving corn, they maintained by teaching the people how to grow and cultivate it. Men had as many wives as they pleased, provided that they were able to maintain them, and they had no fawning immoral priests to make women barren and unfruitful ; who preached godliness to the people, but practised deviltry themselves.

So far, however, the history of colonisation in Peru is not interesting reading ; much less so are the personal reports of those who have

been connected with carrying out the various schemes of a Guano Government. There were the usual delays, the usual difficulty in obtaining the promised funds at the appointed times, followed by confusion and ultimate disaster.

The first colony formed in Peru consisted of Germans, who established themselves at Pozuzo, a small district formed of mountains and valleys fifteen days' journey north-east of Lima. The proposal was made in 1853, and the first batch of the new comers arrived in 1857. In 1870 they numbered 360 souls, 112 of whom were children. Their progress had not been very brilliant; among them were carpenters, coopers, cigar-makers, cabinet-makers, blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, saddlers, machinists, and tanners. A priest, a grave-digger or clerk, a schoolmaster and an architect were also among the number. Each colonist was expected to cultivate a plot of ground measuring 33,000 yards by 13,000 yards, on which they grew tobacco, coca, maize, yuca (a most delicious farinaceous root), haricot beans, rice, coffee, and garden stuff. The people lived in wooden houses, and there were among them all three houses of wrought stone. An enthusiastic Guano Peruvian deputy, in describing this little struggling colony, concluded

his peroration thus: 'We have an eloquent example in the industrious colony established at Pozuzo, where in the midst of savage nature they have erected a city which perhaps is on a level with any city of Europe!' On which it might be remarked that there is a great deal of the perhaps, but very little of the city in this statement. It is in fact nothing but a city of the honourable deputy's brain.

The next emigration was from the islands of the South-western Pacific—subjects of his Majesty the King of Hawaii, whose diplomatic representative in Lima demanded the return of these people, who did return in an unexpected manner, to the earth out of which they were taken. They all died like flies that had been poisoned. The Peruvian Government then prohibited any further immigration of Polynesians, especially as it was afterwards discovered that these people had been kidnapped, or, as the official report says, 'seduced first, and stolen afterwards.'

It had been eloquently preached by many ardent Peruvians, now that the subject of immigration for a moment or so had seized hold of their warm brains, that all that was needed to fill Peru with happy colonists was to establish

liberty of worship, toleration, a free press, dignity —moral and intellectual—security to persons and property, and when these great things were once placed on a firm basis in Peru the superfluous populations of the world would flock to the abundance it could offer, together with the warm and delightful sun, like doves to their windows. These things, however, not having been done, the other has been left undone—albeit not for that specific reason. The immigrating class would seem to have their own way of procuring information regarding the country which courts their presence, and it is quite likely that the glad tidings from Peru still required to be authenticated. Neither the Irish labourer, nor the Scotch, nor yet the Welsh have bestowed themselves on Peru, and it is to be hoped they never will until they can be sure of quick returns.

The Chinese immigration, if such it can be called, is the only considerable immigration that has ever taken place in Peru. It began as a kidnapping commercial speculation; and there are many respectable Peruvians who owe their wealth to this traffic in Chinamen, in whose magnificent *salas* a conversation on China would be as welcome as the mention of the gallows

in a family, one of whose members had been hanged.

Of the 65,000 Chinese taken from their native land, 5,000 died on their way to Peru; many threw themselves overboard or smoked a little too much opium, or were shot, or through all these causes put together. It was once my lot to be seated in a very small room filled for the most part with guano men, where I was compelled to listen to the tale of an Italian who had served as chief mate on a ship freighted with Chinamen. He thought his life was once in danger.

'And what did you under the circumstances?' enquired some one.

'I shot two of them down, *sacramento*,' answered the villainous-looking wretch; on which there was a burst of laughter that did not seem to me very appropriate.

'And what was done with *you?*' I enquired in no sympathising tone.

'Senor,' replied the assassin, 'the Captain, Senor Venturini, accommodated me with a passage in his gig to the shore, where I remained to make an extended acquaintance with the Celestial Empire.'

The cold insolence of this criminal suggested

to me that I had just as well keep my troublesome tongue as still as possible.

The Chinese question, as is natural that it should, has agitated the public mind in Lima not a little. At one time it assumed such alarming features that it was seriously proposed in Congress to expel the free Chinamen from Peru, or compel them to contract themselves anew.[1] It was known that the free Chinamen stirred up their enslaved brethren to revolt; explained to them—which was perfectly true — that according to Peruvian law they could not be held in bondage, and if they escaped they could not be recaptured. Many attempts at escape were made, and many murders were the result.

According to the Peruvian author quoted above, the Chinamen brought to the dung heaps of Peru, or its sugar plantations, were selected from the lowest of their race. 'The planters promoted the natural degeneration of their Chinese labourers; they lodged them in filthy sheds without a single care being bestowed upon them, while they were condemned to a ceaseless unremitting toil, without a ray of

[1] See a useful work 'La Condicion Juridica de los Estrangeros en el Peru,' per Felix Cipriano C. Zegarra. Santiago, 1872, p. 136.

hope that their condition would be ever bettered. For the enslaved Chinaman the day dawned with labour; labour pursued him through its weary hours, a labour that would bring no good fruit to him, and the shadows of night provided him with nothing but dreams of the tormenting routine which awaited him to-morrow. In his sickness he had no mother to attend him with her care; he had not even the melancholy comfort that he would be decently buried when he died, much less that his grave would be watered with the sacred tears of those who loved him. Of the meanest Peruvian the authorities knew where he lived, when he died, and for what cause, and where he was buried. But the Asiatics were disembarked and scattered among numerous private properties, their existence forgotten, they did not live, rather they vegetated, and at last died like brutes beneath the scourge of their driver, or the burden which was too heavy to bear. 'We remembered the Chinaman when, weary of being weary, and vexed with vexation, he armed himself with the dagger of desperation, wounded the air with the cry of rebellion, and covered our fields with desolation and blood.'

The great distance, observes the same author, of the private estates from the centre of autho-

rity, was one of the securities of their owners that their abuse of their Chinese slaves would neither be corrected nor chastised. On the contrary, his influence with the local authorities was oftentimes such as to make them instruments of his designs. Between the master and the slave respect for the law did not exist, and the consequence was, that the one became more and more a despot, and the other more and more insolent and vicious.

Escape for the Chinaman was next to impossible; he could only free himself from the horrible condition in which he found himself by using his braces or his silken scarf for a halter, or the more quiet way of an overdose of opium.

Treat the Chinaman well, and he is a valuable servant, and happily many thousands of such are to be found along the coast, in several of the great haciendas, and in Lima. The wages of a Chinese slave were 4 dols. a month, two suits of clothes in the year, and his keep. A free Chinaman as a labourer earns a dollar a day, and of course 'finds' himself. Now and then one hears strange phrases at the most unexpected time, and one's ears tingle with words that an Englishman knows how to meet when compelled to hear them.

'How did you manage to do all that work?' was a question put at a dinner-table one night in Lima, when I was partaking of the awful hospitality of an English-speaking capitalist.

'Well,' was the reply, 'I bought half-a-dozen Chinamen, taught them the use of the machine, which the devils learned much quicker than I did, and in less than three months I found that I could easily make ten thousand dollars a month,' etc.

'I bought half-a-dozen Chinamen!' They might have been so many sacks of potatoes, or pieces of machinery, and the ease and familiarity with so repulsive a commerce which the speech denoted, proved too well the contempt which a gross familiarity always breeds.

The Chinaman is not only very intelligent, he is even superior in his personal tastes to many of those who pride themselves on being his masters. If he has time and opportunity he will keep himself scrupulously clean in his person and dress. After his day's work, if he has been digging dung for example, he will change his clothes and have a bath before eating his supper. He is polite and courteous, humorous and ingenious. He is by no means a coward, but will sell his life to avenge his honour. It is

always dangerous for a man twice his size to strike a Chinaman. The only stand-up fight I ever saw in Lima, was between a small Chinaman and a big Peruvian of the Yellow breed; and the yellow-skinned 'big 'un' must have very much regretted the insult which originated the blows he received in his face from the little one. The Chinamen of the better class, the Wing Fats; Kwong, Tung, Tays; the Wing Sings; the Pow Wos; the Wing Hing Lees, and Si, Tu, Pous, whose acquaintance I made, were all shrewd, courteous, gentlemanlike fellows, temperate, good-humoured and kind, industrious, and exquisitely clean in their houses and attire. It was an infinitely greater pleasure to me to pass an evening with some of these, than with my own brandy-drinking, tobacco-smoking, and complaining countrymen, whose conversation was garnished with unclean oaths, whose Spanish was a disgrace to their own country, and their English to that in which they lived.

My Chinese friends were greatly puzzled at the answer I gave to their questions why I had come to Peru, or for what purpose; they could not believe it, any more than they could believe that an English gentleman drank brandy for any other reason than that it was a religious observance.

'And why came you to Peru?' I enquired in my turn.

'To make money,' was the candid reply.

'For nothing else?' I insisted.

To give emphasis to his words Wing Hi rose from his seat, paced slowly up and down the room clapping his hands now behind his back, and now below his right knee: 'For nothing, nothing, nothing else,' he exclaimed, and laughed.

'Do you like Lima?' I enquired with some care, for a Chinaman resents direct questions; and the answer invariably was—

'No. Lima is no good, there is no money;' which many other shopkeepers not Chinamen can swear to, and their oaths in this instance are perfectly trustworthy.

'You do not give credit I suppose?' and I kept as solemn a face as possible in putting the question. My solemnity was speedily knocked out of me by the burst of boisterous laughter which greeted my question.

Wishing to cultivate these delightful heathens, I purchased from time to time a few things, all good, all very reasonable in price. These were chiefly fans, pictures, paper-knives, neckties, and boxes. Some of their ivory carving was a marvel of patience and keen sight. I was assured that

one piece, for which they asked the price of 300 dols., took one man two years to make. That one statement made it an unpleasant object to behold. The porcelain brought to Lima is of the gaudiest and most inferior kind. I insisted on this so much that at last they confessed it to be true. 'But then the price,' they suggested—A pair of vases that would sell in Bond Street for 150*l.*, could then be purchased in Lima for less than 10*l.*

One day I picked up a New Testament translated into the Chinese tongue, and after staying one evening with my celestial friends for an hour, I took it out of my pocket and asked them to be kind enough to read it for me, and tell me what it was about, for that in my youth my parents had not taught me that language and I was too old to learn it now. The next night our conversation was renewed, all being for the most part of the purest heathenism. They made no allusion to my New Testament; they evidently preferred to talk of other things, or to sell fans. At last in a tone of indifference I asked after my book, which one of their number produced out of a sweet-scented drawer.

'We do not know,' they said, 'what the book

is about'; and therefore they could not tell me. They had read it? 'O yes; it was not a cookery book, nor a song book, nor a book about women; but seemed to be a pot of many things not well boiled.' There was no laughter, all was as serious as melancholy itself. I was a little disappointed, and came away without buying anything. It must require great gifts to be a missionary to the heathen, and especially the heathen Chinese. I should be inclined to think it to be as easy to bring a rich Chinaman to repentance and a saving knowledge of Christ, as a rich Jew. The failure of my New Testament to make itself understood was a great blow to me, and I felt a shame which makes my cheeks burn even now.

Among all the classes of immigrants in Peru, or in Lima its capital, the English stood first and highest. They were certainly better represented than they were twenty years ago, but there was much to improve. One great drawback to the English was the absence of a home, or the means of making one. The construction of the houses was one cause. There were no snug corners sacred to repose, and if the house was not a convent, it was something between a theatre and a furniture shop. Domestic

servants were another fatal drawback, but rent was the greatest of them all. The rents of some of the dingiest houses in the back streets were higher than those in Mayfair in the season, while the principal houses in the chief street were treble the amount.

The hotels are not, under the circumstances, unreasonable; a bachelor could live very well for ten shillings a day, including fleas. Washing was a serious item in a city where there is much sun, much dust, little water, and the *lavendera* was the companion of 'gentlemen.'

Books were not remarkably dear, but the assortment was limited to theology and medicine. There were half-a-dozen daily newspapers, which cost half-a-crown a day if you bought them all. Their joint circulation did not reach more than fifteen thousand copies, while of their number only two could be said to pay their expenses; only one to make any profit. This is not to be wondered at. I tried my best to get into a controversy with them, by rousing them to jealousy. I publicly stated that if the guano deposits had been in Australia, or even in Canada, at a time when so much doubt was thrown on the quantity of guano they might contain, some newspaper would have sent off

its special correspondent to make a report. The 'Comercio,' the chief of the press, replied, with charming *naïveté*: 'Why should we go to the expense of making a special report for ourselves when the Government will supply us with as many reports as we like?' The supply of English literature was very poor. Harper's Magazine appeared to be in greatest demand, and certainly for the price of forty cents was a marvel of cheapness, being well printed and profusely and often well illustrated. There was not a single decent edition of the Don Quixote in any language to be found in all the shops of the city. There was evidently a brisk sale for indecent photographs, and cheap editions of the Paul de Kock school. The number of books printed in Lima was miserably small. The last, which has been very well received, is entitled 'Tradiciones del Peru,' by Ricardo Palma, third series. It is exceedingly well written, and consists of a series of short stories illustrating the manners and customs of early Spanish days. Here is one which for many reasons is worth doing into English. It is called 'A Law-suit against God,' and exhibits much of the old Spanish meal, and not a little of the new Peruvian leaven. It purports to be a chronicle of the time of the Viceroy, the

Marquis de Castil-Dos-Rius. It begins as follows:—

'In the archives of what was once the Real Audiencia de Lima, will be found the copy of a law-suit once demanded by the King of Spain, which covers more than four hundred folios of stamped paper, from which with great patience we have been able to gather the following:—

God made man good: but it would seem that His Divine Majesty threw aces [1] when He created mankind.

Man instinctively inclines to good, but deceit poisons his soul and makes him an egotist, that is to say, perverse.

Whosoever would aspire to a large harvest of evils, let him begin by sowing benefactions.

Such is humanity, and very right was the King Don Alonso the Wise, when he said—'If this world was not badly made, at least it appeared to be so.'

Don Pedro Campos de Ayala was, somewhere about the year 1695, a rich Spanish merchant, living in the neighbourhood of Lima, on whom misfortunes poured like hail on a heath.

Generous to a fault, there was no wretchedness he did not alleviate with his money, no

[1] Which in Spanish experience is equivalent to losing the game.

unfortunate he did not run to console. And he did this solely for the pleasure he had in doing good.

But the loss of a ship on its way from Cadiz with a valuable cargo, and the failure of some scoundrels for whom Don Pedro had been bound, reduced him to great straits. Our honourable Spaniard sold off all he possessed, at great loss, paid his creditors, and remained without a farthing.

With the last copper fled his last friend. He wished to go to work again, and applied to many whom, in the days of his opulence, he had helped, and solely to whom they were indebted for what they had, to give him some employment.

Then it was he discovered how much truth is contained in the proverb which says, '*There are no friends but God, and a crown in the pocket.*'

Even by the woman whom he had loved, and in whose love he believed like a child, it was very clearly revealed to him that now times had indeed changed.

Then did Don Pedro swear an oath, that he would again become rich, even though to make his fortune he should have recourse to crime.

The chicanery of others had slain in his soul all that was great, noble, and generous; and there was awakened within him a profound disgust for human nature. Like the Roman tyrant, he could have wished that humanity had a head that he might get it on to a block; there would then be a little chopping.

He disappeared from Lima, and went to settle in Potosi.

A few days before his disappearance, there was found dead in his bed a Biscayan usurer. Some said that he had died of congestion, and others declared that he had been violently strangled with a pocket handkerchief.

Had there been a robbery or the taking of revenge? The public voice decided for the latter.

But no one conceived the lie that this event coincided with the sudden flight of our Protagonist.

Years rolled on, and there came the year of 1706, when Don Pedro returned to Lima with half a million gained in Potosi.

But he was no longer the same man, self-denying and generous, as all had once known him.

Enclosed in his egotism, like the turtle in

his shell, he rejoiced that all Lima knew that he was again rich ; but they likewise knew that he refused to give even a grain of rice to St. Peter's cock.

As for the rest, Don Pedro, so merry and communicative before, was now changed into a misanthrope. He walked alone, he never returned a salutation, he visited no one save a well-known Jesuit, with whom he would remain hours together in secret converse.

All at once it became rumoured that Campos de Ayala had called a notary, made his will, and left all his immense fortune to the College of St. Paul.

But did he repent him of this, or was it that some new matter weighed heavily on his soul? At any rate, a month later he revoked his former will and made another, in which he distributed his fortune in equal proportions among the various convents and monasteries of Lima ; setting apart a whole capital to have masses said for his soul, making a few handsome legacies, and among them one in favour of a nephew of the Biscayan of long ago.

Those were the times when, as a contemporary writer very graphically says, 'the Jesuit and the Friar scratched together under the

pillows of the dying to get possession of a will.'

Not many days had passed after that revocation of the will when one night the Viceroy, the Marquis de Castil-dos-Rius, received a long anonymous letter which, after reading and re-reading, made his excellency cogitate, and the result of his cogitation was to send for a magistrate whom he charged, without loss of time, with the apprehension of Don Pedro Campos de Ayala, whom he was to lodge in the prison of the court.

The anonymous letter accused Don Pedro Campos de Ayala of assassinating the Biscayan, and stealing four thousand pounds sterling, which served for the basis of the great fortune he acquired in Potosi.

What proofs did the informer supply ? We are unable to say.

Don Pedro being duly installed in the Stone Jug, as the gipsies call his Majesty's jail, the Mayor appeared to take his declaration ; and the accused replied as follows :—

' Mr. Mayor, I plead not guilty when he who accuses me is God himself. Only to Him under the seal of confession did I reveal my crime. Your worship will of course represent human

justice in the case against me, but I shall institute a law-suit against GOD.'

As will be seen, the distinctions of the culprit were somewhat casuistical, but he found an advocate (the marvel would have been had he not) prepared to undertake the case against Almighty God. Forensic resource is mighty prolific.

For the reason that the Royal Council sought to wrap the case in the deepest mystery, all its details were devoured with avidity, and it became the greatest scandal of the time.

The Inquisition, which was hand and glove with the Jesuits, sought diligently for opportunities, and resolved to have a finger in the pie.

The Archbishop, the Viceroy, and the most ingrained aristocrat of Lima society took the side of the Company of Jesus. Although the accused sustained his integrity, he presented no other proof than his own word, that a Jesuit was the author of the anonymous denunciation and the revealer of the secret of the confessional, instigated thereto by the revocation of the will.

On his part the nephew of the Biscayan claimed the fortune of the murderer of his uncle, while the trustees of the various hos-

pitals and convents defended the validity of the second will.

All the sucking lawyers spent their Latin in the case, and the air was filled with strange notions and extravagant opinions.

Meanwhile the scandal spread; nor will we venture to say to what lengths it might have gone, had not his Majesty Don Philip V. declared that it would be for the public convenience, and the decorum of the Church, as well as for the morality of his dominions, that the case should be tried in Spain by his great Council of the Indies.

The consequence was that Don Pedro Campos de Ayala marched to Spain 'under orders,' in company with the voluminous case.

And as was natural, there followed with him not a few of those who were favourably mentioned in the will, and who went to Court to look after their rights.

Peace was re-established in Lima, our City of Kings, and the Inquisition had its attention and time distracted by making preparation to burn the Lady Castro, together with the statue and bones of the Jesuit Ulloa.

What was the sentence, or the turn which the sagacious Philip V. gave to the case? We

do not know; but we are allowed to suppose that the King hit upon some conciliatory expedient which brought peace to all the litigants, and it is possible that the culprit ate a little blessed bread, or shared in some royal indulgence.

Does the original case still exist in Spain? It is very likely that it has been eaten of moths, and hence the pretext and origin of a phrase which with us has become so popular.

It is said of a certain notary who much troubled the Royal Council in the matter of a will and its codicils, that when the custodian of such things at last produced something which looked like the original, he said, 'Here it is, but the moths have sadly eaten it.'

'Just our luck, my dear sir,' said an interested one, who was none other than the Marquis of Castelfuerte. And ever since, when a thing has disappeared we say, 'No doubt the moths have eaten it.'

Such is the story. Its title is suggestive of many things which the thoughtful reader will make out for himself. Of this one thing we may be sure, that only a Spaniard could have conceived the idea, and a Peruvian satirist of

the Guano Age have carried out the story of a law-suit against GOD.

But let us now leave literature and satire and come to business.

Whether it be true, or only a poetical way of putting it, that Yarmouth was built on red herrings, Manchester on cotton, Birmingham on brass, Middlesborough on pigs of iron, and the holy Roman Catholic Church in China on Peruvian bark, it is true that the Government of Peru has for more than a generation subsisted on guano, and the foundations of its greatness have been foundations of the same[1]; the ordure of birds—pelicans, penguins, boobies, and gulls of many kinds, and many kinds of ducks, all of marine habits, and deriving their living solely from the sea and the sky which is stretched above it.

[1] Since writing the above I have come on the following passage from the report of the Peruvian Minister of Finance for 1858.

'HUANO

Tan grande es el valor de este ramo de la riqueza nacional, que sin exajeracion puede asegurarse, que en su estimacion y buen manejo estriba la subsistencia del Estado, el mantenimiento de su credito, el porvenir de su engrandecimiento, y la conservacion del órden publico.' Which may be done into the vulgar tongue as follows—So great is the value of this branch of the national riches, that without exaggeration it may be affirmed that on its estimation and good handling depend the subsistence of the State, the maintenance of its credit, the future of its increase, and the preservation of public order.—Signed, Manuel Ortiz de Zerallos.

This precious Guano, or Huano, according to the orthography of the sixteenth century, had long been in use in Peru before Peru was discovered by the Spaniards. It was well enough known to those famous agriculturists, the Incas, who five centuries ago used it as a servant. With the change which changed the Incas from off the face of the earth, came the strangest change of all,—Guano ceased to be the servant or helper of the native soil; it became the master of the people who occupy it, the Peruvian people, the Spanish Peruvians who call themselves Republicans.

No disgrace or ignominy need have come upon Peru for selling its guano, if it had not trampled its own soil into sand, and killed not only the corn, the trees, and flowers which grow upon it, but also the men who cultivate those beautiful and necessary things.[1]

[1] It is hard to believe that the present dead silent sands, which form the coast of Peru from the Province of Chincha in the south as far as Trujillo in the north, was in the early days so populous that Padre Melendez, quoted by Unanue, compared one of the small valleys to an ant hill; and now 'not more than half a dozen natives can be found among its ruins.'—See Documentos Literarios del Peru Colectados por Manuel de Odriozola, vol. vi. p. 179.

The rapid and continued decrease of the Peruvian population has been ascribed to civil war. This is not true. Where the sword has carried off its thousands, the infernal stuff known as

During the time that Peru has been a vendor of guano, it has sold twenty million tons of it, and as the price has ranged from 12*l.* to 12*l.* 10*s.* and 13*l.* the ton, Peru may be said to have turned a pretty penny by the transaction. What she has done with the money may be seen in the dreadful pass to which she has at last come.

The amount of guano still remaining in the country certainly amounts to more than ten million of tons. There are men of intelligence even in Peru who affirm that the quantity does not reach five million tons. One of my informants, a man intimately connected with the export and sale of this guano, assured me that there are not at this hour more than two million tons in the whole of the Republic, and he had 'the best possible means at his disposal for ascertaining its truth.' I have since discovered, however, that men who deal in guano do not always speak with a strict regard for the truth.

As this is one of the vexed questions of the hour to some of my countrymen, as well as to some Jews, Greeks, infidels and others;

brandy, together with the smallpox, and other epidemics, have slain their tens of thousands. The liberation of the slaves also caused great mortality amongst the negroes.

although I have no sympathy with them, yet, simply on condition that they buy this book I will give them a fair account of the guano which I have actually seen, and where it exists.

I was sent to Peru for the express purpose of making this examination. I may therefore expect that my statements will be received with consideration. They have certainly been prepared with much care, and, I may add, under very favourable circumstances.

My visits to the existing guano deposits were made after they had been uncovered of the stones which had been rolled upon them by the turbulent action of a century of earthquakes, the sand which the unresisted winds of heaven for the same period had heaped upon them from the mainland, and the slower but no less degrading influences of a tropical sun, attended with the ever humid air, dense mists, fogs and exhalations, and now and then copious showers of rain. Moreover, my visits were made after a certain ascertained quantity of guano had been removed, and my measurements of the quantity remaining were therefore easily checked.

In 1876 the Pabellon de Pica was reported to contain eight million tons of guano. At that time it was covered from head to foot with more

than fifty feet of sand and stones. The principal slopes are now uncovered. Before this painful and expensive process had been completed, various other courageous guesses had been made, and the Government engineers were divided among themselves in their estimates. One enthusiastic group of these loyal measurers contended for five million tons, another for three million five hundred and twenty thousand six hundred and forty, and another, unofficial and disinterested, report placed it at less than a million tons.

My own measurements corroborate this latter calculation. There may be one million tons of guano on the Pabellon de Pica. The exact quantity will only be known after all the guano has been entirely removed and weighed.

The Pabellon de Pica is in form like a pavilion, or tent, or better still, a sugar-loaf rising a little more than 1000 feet above the sea which washes its base. It is connected by a short saddle with the mountain range, which runs north and south along the whole Peruvian coast, attaining a height here of more than 5000 feet in isolated cones, but maintaining an average altitude of 3000 feet.

When a strong south wind rages on these

sandy pampas, the dust, finer than Irish blackguard, obscures the sky, disfigures the earth, and makes mad the unhappy traveller who happens to be caught in its fury. A mind not troubled by the low price of Peruvian bonds, or whether they will ever rise above their present price might imagine that the gods, in mercy to the idleness of man, were determined to cover up those dunghills from human sight; and hence the clouds, and cataracts of sand and dust which have been poured upon them from above.

If it could be conceived that an almighty hand, consisting of nineteen fingers, each finger six hundred feet long, with a generous palm fifteen hundred feet wide, had thrust itself up from below, through this loaf of sugar, or dry dung, to where the dung reaches on the Pabellon, some idea might be formed of the frame in which, and on which the guano rests.

The man who reckoned the Pabellon de Pica to contain eight million tons of guano, wittingly or unwittingly—for it is a vexed question to this day with some—took no notice of the Cyclopean fingers which hold it together, or the winstone palm in which it rests. There are eighteen

large and small gorges formed by the nineteen stone fingers. Each gorge was filled with a motionless torrent of stones and sand, and these had to be removed before the guano could be touched.

So hard and compact had the guano become, that neither the stones nor the sand had mixed with it; when these were put in motion and conducted down into the sea below, the guano was found hard and intact, and it had to be blasted with gunpowder to convey it by the wooden shoots to the ships' launches that were dancing to receive it underneath. The process was as dangerous as mining, and quite as expensive, to the Peruvian Government; for although the loading of the guano is let out by contract, the contractors—a limited company of native capitalists—as a matter of course, claimed a considerable sum for removing stones and sand, and equally as a matter of course they were paid; and they deserved to be paid. No hell has ever been conceived by the Hebrew, the Irish, the Italian, or even the Scotch mind for appeasing the anger and satisfying the vengeance of their awful gods, that can be equalled in the fierceness of its heat, the horror of its stench, and the damnation of those com-

pelled to labour there, to a deposit of Peruvian guano when being shovelled into ships. The Chinese who have gone through it, and had the delightful opportunity of helping themselves to a sufficiency of opium to carry them back to their homes, as some believed, or to heaven, as fondly hoped others, must have had a superior idea of the Almighty, than have any of the money-making nations mentioned above, who still cling to an immortality of fire and brimstone.

Years ago the Pabellon de Pica was resorted to for its guano by a people, whoever they were, who had some fear of God before their eyes. Their little houses built of boulders and mortar, still stand, and so does their little church, built after the same fashion, but better, and raised from the earth on three tiers, each tier set back a foot's length from the other. It was used as a store for barley and other valuable necessaries for the mules and horses of the loading company.

If the bondholders of Peru, or others, have any desire to know something of public life on this now celebrated dunghill, they may turn to another page of this history, and Mr. Plimsoll, or other shipping reformer, may learn some-

thing likewise of the lives of English seamen passed during a period of eight months in the neighbourhood of a Peruvian guano heap. In the meantime we are dealing with the grave subject of measurable quantities of stuff, which fetches 12*l.* or so a ton in the various markets of the cultivated world.

The next deposit—of much greater dimensions, although not so well known—is about eight miles south of the Pabellon, called Punta de Lobos. This also is on the mainland, but juts out to the west considerably, into the sea. It is mentioned in Dampier as Lobos de la Mar.

One million six hundred thousand tons of guano were reported as existing at Lobos in 1876 by the Government engineers. The place is much more easy of access than the Pabellon, and no obstacle was in the way of a thorough measurement, and yet the utmost carelessness must have been observed with regard to it. It may safely be taken that there are two million and a half of tons at this deposit, or rather series of deposits, ten in number, all overlooking the sea. The guano is good. If the method of shipping it were equally good the Government might save the great amount which they at

present lose. I have no hesitation in saying, that for every 900 tons shipped, 200 tons of guano were lost in the sea by bad management, added to the dangers of the heavy surf which rolls in under the shoots, and the lack of appropriately constructed launches needful for loading. As at the Pabellon de Pica, so here the principal labourers were Chinamen and Changos, the former doing much more work than the latter, and receiving inferior pay. Many of the Chinamen are still apprentices, or 'slaves' as they are in reality called and treated by their owners.

Huanillos is another deposit still further south, where the guano is good, but the facilities for shipping it are few. Here are five different gorges, in which the dung has been stored as if by careful hands. The earthquake however had played sad havoc with the storing. From a great height above, enormous pieces of rock of more than a thousand tons each have been hurled down, and in one place another motionless cataract of heavy boulders covered up a large amount of guano.

The quantity found here may be fairly estimated at eight hundred thousand tons.

It was easy to count ninety-five ships resting below on what, at the distance of three miles,

appeared to be a sea without motion or ripple. At the Pabellon de Pica there were ninety-one ships, and at Lobos one hundred and fourteen ships, all waiting for guano: three hundred ships in all, some of which had been waiting for more than eight months. An impression had got abroad that the reason of this delay was the absence of guano, a natural inference for the captain of a ship to draw, and just the kind of information an ignorant man would send home to his employers. It is however absolutely erroneous; the delays in loading were vexatious in the extreme, but being in Peru they could hardly be avoided. The cause of delay may be set down to the sea and its dangers, the precipitous rocky shore, the ill-constructed launches and shoots, and now and then the ignorance, stupidity, and obstinacy of a guano Peruvian official called an *administrador*.

Chipana, six miles further south of Huanillos, is another considerable deposit. But as this had not been uncovered, and the place is absolutely uninhabited and without any of the common necessaries of life, which in Peru may be said to be not very few, I did not visit it, and am content to take the measurement of a gentleman whom I have every reason to trust,

and on whose accuracy and ability I can rely as I have had to rely before.

The amount of guano at Chipana may be taken at about the same as Huanillos. If to this be added the deposits of Chomache, very small, Islotas de Pajaros, Quebrada de Pica, Patache, and all other points further north, up to la Bahia de la Independencia, we may safely declare that among them all will be found not less than five million tons of good guano.

Now was I glad beyond the power of words to express to go on board an English steamer, and put to sea in order to go to the islands of the north; glad to leave behind me the filthiness, foulness, and weariness of the mainland in the neighbourhood of the Pabellon de Pica. Had it not been for the true British kindness of one or two of my countrymen and several Americans in command of guano ships, Her Majesty's Consular agent, and the agent of the house of Dreyfus, who did all they could to provide me with wholesome food and wine, German beer, soothing tobacco, and clean beds, I should have fled away from that much talked of dunghill without estimating its contents; or like a philosophical Chinaman sought out a quiet nook in the warm rocks, and with an opium reed

in my lips smoked myself away to everlasting bliss.

On my return from the south we passed close to the Chincha islands. When I first saw them twenty-five years ago, they were bold, brown heads, tall and erect, standing out of the sea like things, reflecting the light of heaven, or forming soft and tender shadows of the tropical sun on a blue sea. Now these same islands looked like creatures whose heads had been cut off, or like vast sarcophagi, like anything, in short, that reminds one of death and the grave.

In ages which have no record these islands were the home of millions of happy birds, the resort of a hundred times more millions of fishes, of sea lions, and other creatures whose names are not so common; the marine residence, in fact, of innumerable creatures predestined from the creation of the world to lay up a store of wealth for the British farmer, and a store of quite another sort for an immaculate Republican government.

On Sunday morning, March 26, 1877, I first caught sight of the beautiful pearl-gray islands of Lobos de Afuera, undulating in latitude S. 6.57.20, longitude 80.41.50, beneath a blue sky, and apparently rolling out of an equally blue

sea. Here is the only large deposit that has remained untouched; here you may walk about among great birds busy hatching eggs, look a great sea-lion in the face without making him afraid, and dip your hat in the sea and bring up more little fishes than you can eat for breakfast.

There are eight distinct deposits in an island rather more than a mile in length and half a mile in width. The amount of guano will be not less than 650,000 tons.

It is not all of the same good quality, for considerable rain has at one time fallen on these islands. Wide and deep beds of sand mark in a well-defined manner the courses of several once strong and rapid streams. But if the poor guano—that, namely, which does not yield more than two per cent. of ammonia—be reckoned, the deposits on these islands will reach a million tons.

The wiseacres who believe guano to be a mineral substance, and not the excreta of birds, will do well to pay a visit to Lobos de Afuera. There they will see the whole process of guano making and storing carried on with the greatest activity, regularity, and despatch. The birds make their nests quite close together: as close and regular, in fact, as wash-hand basins laid out in a row for sale in a market-place; are

about the same size, and stand as high from the ground. These nests are made by the joint efforts of the male and female birds; for there is no moss, or lichen, or grass, or twig, or weed, available, or within a hundred miles and more: even the sea does not yield a leaf. As a rule, about one hundred and fifty nests form a farm. It has been computed by a close observer that the heguiro will contribute from 4 oz. to 6 oz. per day of nesty material, the pelican twice as much. When there are millions of these active beings living in undisturbed retirement, with abundance of appropriate food within reach, it does not require a very vivid imagination to realise in how, comparatively, short a time a great deposit of guano can be stored.

Will the Peruvians teach some of their people the art of preserving these busy birds? There is much less shame in training birds what is the best thing to do for the State than in shovelling heaps of their ancient excreta into ships; and farms of this kind would be novel and profitable. No climate in the world can surpass that of some of these delightful guano islands, and a pleasant life—quiet, and far removed from a chaffering and chaffing world—could be well spent, and a good way off from

the strife of tongues, the pointing of fingers, or the biting of thumbs in scorn.

Let me give a few particulars of the birds who make guano.

The heguiro is a large bird of the gull and booby species, but twice the size of these, with blue stockings and also blue shoes. It does not appear to possess much natural intelligence, and its education has evidently been left uncared for. It will defend its young with real courage, but will fly from its nest and its one or two eggs on the least alarm. This, however, is not always the case. But in a most insane manner if it spies a white umbrella approaching, it sets up a painful shriek. Had it kept its mouth shut, the umbrella had travelled in another direction. As the noise came from a peculiar cave-like aperture in the high rocks, I sat down in front, watched the movements of the bird, who kept up a dismal noise, evidently resenting my intrusion on her private affairs. After a brief space I marched slowly up to the bird, who, when she saw me determined to come on, deliberately rose from her nest, and became engaged in some frantic effort, the meaning of which I could not guess. When I approached

within ten yards of her, she sprang into the sky and began sailing above my head, trying by every means in her power to scare me away. When I reached the nest, I found the beautiful pale blue egg covered with little fishes ! The anxious mother had emptied her stomach in order to protect the fruit of her body from discovery or outrage, or to keep it warm while she paid a visit to her mansion in the skies.

Birds have ever been a source of joy to me from the time that I remember some fifty years ago, first listening with newly-opened ears to the rapturous music of a lark. Since then I have watched the movements of the great condor on the Andes, the eagle on the Hurons, the ibis on the Nile, the native companion in its quiet nooks on the Murray, the laughing jackass in the Bush of Australia, the curaçoa of Central America, the tapa culo of the South American desert, the albatross of the South Pacific. And now I no longer care much for birds. I have seen them in double millions at a time, swarming in the sky, like insects on a leaf, or vermin in a Spanish bed. They are as common as man, and can be as useful, and become as great a commercial speculation as he.

We visited the island of Macabi, lat. 7.49.30 S., long. 79.28.30, for the purpose of seeing what good thing remained there that was worth removing in the way of houses, tanks, and tools for use on the virgin deposits of Lobos de Afuera. Although there is not more than one shipload of guano left, I was glad to see the place for many reasons. It will be recollected that it was on the guano said to exist on this and the Guañapi islands that the Peruvian Loan of 1872 was raised, and it will well become all those who invested their money in that transaction to enquire into the truth of the statements on which the loan was made.

Macabi is an island split in two, spanned by a very well constructed iron suspension bridge a hundred feet long. The birds which had been frightened away by the operations of the guano-loading company have returned. The lobos probably never left the place, the precipitous rocks and the great caverns which the sea has scooped out affording them sufficient protection from the 'fun'-pursuing guano Peruvian, who delights in killing, where there is no danger, an animal twice his own size, and whose existence is quite as important as his own. Or if the

lobos did leave, they also have returned. This would go to prove the statements that the birds have begun to return to the Chinchas.

The spectacle presented at Macabi was humiliating. The ground was everywhere strewn with Government property, which had all gone to destruction. The shovels and picks were scattered about as if they had been thrown down with curses which had blasted them. I went to pick up a shovel, but it fell to pieces like Rip Van Winkle's gun on the Catskills; the wheelbarrows collapsed with a touch. Suddenly I came on a little coffin, exquisitely made, not quite eighteen inches long. There it lay in the midst of the burning glaring rocks, as solitary and striking as the print of a foot in the sand was to Robinson Crusoe. The coffin was empty, and the presence of certain filthy-fat gallinazos high up on the rocks explained the reason. A little further on were the graves of some fifty full-grown persons, 'Asiatics,' probably, who had purposely fallen asleep. Walking down the steady slope of the island till I came to the edge of the sea, which rolled below me some hundred and twenty feet, I came suddenly in front of a thousand lobos, all basking in the sun after their

morning's bath. It was a sight certainly new, entertaining, and instructive. The young lobos are silly little things, and look as if it had not taken much trouble to make them ; a child could carve a baby lobo out of a log, that would be quite as good to look at as one of these. But the old fathers, patriarchs, kings or presidents of the herd, are as impressive as some Assyrian lions. Suddenly one of these caught me in his eye, and no doubt imagining me to be a Peruvian, signalled to the rest, who, following his lead, all rushed violently down the steep place into the sea, and began tumbling about and rolling over in the surf like a mob of happy children gambolling among a lot of hay-cocks in a green field. They live on fish, and the number of fishes is as great at Macabi as elsewhere. As I remained watching these swarthy creatures, a great sea-lion appeared above the surface of the rolling deep looking about him, his mouth full of fishes, just as you have seen a high-bred horse with his mouth full of straggling hay, turn his head to look as you entered his stable door.

My next and longer visit was to Lobos de Tierra, lat. S. 6.27.30, the largest guano island in the world, being some seven miles long, or

more. Here are great deposits of guano, the extent and value of which are not yet known. It is certain that there are more than eight hundred thousand tons of good quality in the numerous deposits which have been hitherto examined.

On January 31st, being in lat. S. 7.50.0, and some 15 miles from the Peruvian coast, when on my way to the South from Panama, we ran into a heavy shower of rain. Now it is much more likely to rain in lat. S. 6.27.30 and 120 miles from the shore, and this explains the reason why the guano deposits of Lobos de Tierra were not worked before. Still the quantity of rich material found there is great, and it is the only place where I came on sal ammoniac *in situ*; the crystals were large and beautifully formed, but somewhat opaque. During the ten days I remained there, more than 500 tons of good guano were shipped in one day, and there were some 40 ships waiting to receive more.

Like all the other guano deposits, Lobos de Tierra had to be supplied at great expense from the mainland with everything for the support of human life. It is true that the sea supplies very good fish, but man cannot live on fish alone, at least for any length of time, especially if he is

engaged in loading ships with guano. The Changos, however, a race of fishermen on the Peruvian coast, do live on uncooked fish, and a finer race to look at may not be found ; the colour of their skin is simply beautiful, but they are very little children in understanding. It is only fair to say that with their raw fish they consume a plentiful amount of chicha, a fermented liquor made from maize, the ancient beer of Peru : and very good liquor it is, very sustaining, and, taken in excess, as intoxicating as that of the immortal Bass. These hardy fishers visit all these islands in their balsas, great rafts formed of three tiers of large trees of light wood, stripped and prepared for the purpose in Guayaquil. They are precisely the same as those first met with by Pizarro's expedition when on his way to 'conquer' Peru, three centuries and a half ago. The people are probably the same, except that they now speak Spanish, and are never found with gold ; but now and then they do traffic in fine cottons, spun by hand, now as then, by natives of the country.

I left Lobos de Tierra with profound regret, but it was necessary to do so in order to see what remained to be seen of the precious dung

in other parts of Peru. The following will be found to be a fair approximation of the quantities existing along the northern coast.

Islands	Latitude	Longitude	Quantities, Tons
Malabrigo. . .	7.43.20	79.26.20	400
Macabi . . .	7.49.30	79.28.20	1,000
Guañapi . . .	7.49.30	78.56.0	3,500
Chao . . .	8.46.50	78.46.0	800
Coreobado . .	8.57.0	78.40.30	3,000
Santa . . .	9.03.0	78.39.30	100
Bay of Ferrol . .	9.10.0	78.36.0	22,000
El Dorado . .	9.12.0	78.34.0	6,000
Small Island Pajarros	9.12.0	78.30.10	250
Tortuga . . .	9.21.30	78.27.0	700
Mongon . . .	9.39.40	78.25.0	23,000
Mongon 2nd . .	9.40.0	78.20.0	30,000
Mongoncillo . .	9.45.30	78.16.40	6,000
Cornejos . . .	9.53.0	78.15.0	500
Erizos . . .	9.54.40	78.14.0	5,000
Huarmey . . .	10.00.20	78.12.0	500
2nd ditto . . .	10.02.0	78.11.0	3,000
Bay of Gramadal .	10.25.0	78.00.30	10,000
Pescadores . .	11.48.0	77.15.30	200

I have not visited all these small deposits, and have been content to take the report of Captain Black, the chief of the Peruvian expedition lately appointed to examine them. I have found him so faithful and trustworthy in those cases—the more important of them all—where I have had the opportunity of comparing his calculations with my own, that I have not hesitated to adopt his estimates of the least

important deposits. I have considered them of value if for no other reason than to guard the public against any fresh discovery being made by imaginative persons.

If then we add these northern deposits to those of the south, including those newly discovered off Pisco, and nearly within sight of the Chincha Islands, there will be found in Peru at this moment in round numbers more than ten million tons of guano of English weight.

. That is an important statement, it gives me great pleasure to make it, for although it will bring no profit to me, it may be of great use to others if they can only believe it to be true. I have taken pains to show my acquaintance with the country I purport to have visited, by being as circumstantial as possible in the tidings I deliver, and by using a simple homely language that cannot fail to be understood, and which I trust carries in its sound the ring of sincerity and truth.

It was entirely owing to President, whom I call Business Pardo that I was able to visit the guano islands with such despatch and in the comfort and security I did. I called upon him at the palace the next morning after my arrival in Peru. The moment he heard of the cause

that had brought me to the West Coast, he received me at once in his private room, although a crowd of anxious people were waiting outside to see him on other business. The interview lasted three hours, and although the President understood English and could speak it intelligibly, our conversation was conducted wholly in the Spanish tongue. The only other person present was Colonel Bozo.

The President was thoroughly glad to hear of the cause of my coming to Peru. He questioned me of the method I intended to adopt in measuring the guano deposits, and of my experience, and where it was acquired. He in like manner submitted to my questioning him. He admitted that they had been unwise (*locos* was the word he used) in some of the railways they had projected, and too sanguine (*demonios*) in carrying them through; and with the utmost frankness confessed to me that he had no reliable report on the amount of guano then existing in the country.

To show the favourable manner in which the President looked upon me and the object of my visit, he wrote private letters for me to carry to the authorities of the various places at which I should call, and placed at my disposal

all the means he possessed in making me comfortable and insuring to me all speed in my movements. But for this powerful help it would have been impossible for me to do what I did, to have seen what I saw, or hear what was said, and I did, and saw, and heard much more than I have thought necessary to repeat here, though what I have said must be sufficient to convince all reasonable minds that it is a good thing for Peru that the accursed Age of Guano has been brought to a close, and with it the power and influence of a set of men who never had any interest to pursue except their own, who likewise never scrupled to sacrifice the interests of their country in order to serve themselves.

It is not too much to expect that the few honest men, and men of honour remaining in Peru, whose voices could not be heard in the ever noisy guano period, who had no influence in the management of public affairs, will now be placed by Chili in offices of trust and responsibility; and also that when a little time has been allowed to elapse to bind up—let us hope to heal—the terrible wounds which have been inflicted upon Peru, all the best men of the country will push on the speedy realisation of the claims of their conqueror, and therefore the

speedy return to the possession of her own country and home.

Having given ample details of the amount of available guano remaining in Peru, and shown the localities where ten million tons of it are to be found, I now proceed to show somewhat of the extent and nature of the nitrate deposits—nitrate manufacture—and the markets and price it commands in America and Europe.

It is not necessary to go into the particulars of how and when or why Business Pardo came to make overtures to the manufacturers of nitrate with a view to buying them up, and making the Republic a manufacturing chemist. One thing is certain that he came to deeply regret the step he had taken—all the more that it developed such malignant opposition—and discovered such a portentous wasps' nest, that it became apparent to the meanest capacity, that the Government had no characteristic so strong, and no peculiarity so obvious as that of a plentiful lack of stout-hearted honesty, a gorgeous display of business inaptitude, and a remarkable personal intimacy with the enemies of their country.

Fifty-one manufactories were acquired in the province of Tarapaca for the sum—in promise—of 18,000,000 dols.

The nitrate deposits are well enough known. It is absolutely certain that in the year 1863 there were sold 1,508,000 cwts.; and in 1873 5,830,000 cwts. In that year the Government acknowledged to have received from the export of this article the sum of 2,250,000 dols. If the permanent sale of nitrate reaches 5,000,000 cwts. per annum, there is no reason why the Government should not realise from this source at least 10,000,000 dols. a year: and should it only double the present duty the amount would reach 12,000,000 dols.

The annual amount of nitrate which the above fifty-one establishments are capable of producing may be set down at 14,000,000 cwts.

These establishments do not exhaust the whole of the nitrate deposits. There are several large 'Oficinas,' as they are called, which have, for their own reasons, refused to sell their properties to the State.

The region of these deposits is a wild, barren pampa, 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and contains not less than 150 square miles of land, which will yield on the safest calculation more than 70,000,000 tons of nitrate.

An *oficina*—Lat. *officina*—is simply a place where anything is forged or manufactured. Its

appearance, and all that pertains to it, is as difficult to describe as a great ironworks, or chemical works, or any other works where the ramifications are not only numerous, but novel. The first oficina whose acquaintance I had the honour and trouble to make, was that of the Tarapaca Nitrate Company, situated near the terminus of the Iquique and La Noria Railway, in the midst of a windy plain 3,000 feet above the sea, and beneath a far hotter sun than that which beats on the pyramids of Egypt.

If you take a seat in the wide balcony of the house, where the manager and the clerks of the establishment reside, and live not uncomfortably, you look down almost at your feet on what appears to be an uncountable number of vast iron tanks containing coloured liquids, a tall chimney, a chemical laboratory, an iodine extracting house, a steam-pump, innumerable connecting pipes, stretching and twisting about the vast premises as if they were the bowels of some scientifically formed stomach of vast proportions, for the purpose of digesting poisons and producing the elements of gunpowder, a blacksmith's forge, an iron foundry, a lathe shop, complicated scaffolding, tramways, men making boilers, men attending on waggons, bending iron plates, stoking

fires, breaking up *caliche*, wheeling out refuse, putting nitrate into sacks, and other miscellaneous labour, requiring great intelligence to direct and great endurance to carry on; and all beneath the fierce heat of a sun, unscreened by trees or clouds, the glare of which on the white substance which is in process of being turned over, broken, and carried from one point to another, is as painful as looking into a blast furnace. Beyond the great and busy area where all these varied operations are carried on the eye stretches across a desert of brown earth, which is terminated by soft rolling hills of the same fast colour. The appearance of this desert is that of a vast number of ant-hills in shape; and in size of the heaps of refuse which give character to the Black Country in Mid Staffordshire. Perhaps the first impression which this howling wilderness makes on the mind of a man who has seen and observed much is that of a battlefield of barbarian armies, where the slain still lie in the heaps in which they were clubbed down by their foes; or it may be likened to an illimitable number of dust-hills jumbled together by an earthquake. All this is the result of digging for *caliche*, and blasting it out of the sandy bed in which it has lain God only knows how long.

As the breeze springs up, and clouds of fine white dust follow the mule carts and rise under the hoofs of galloping horses, the idea of the battlefield with the use of gunpowder comes back on the memory, and is perhaps the nearest simile that can be used. And this is an oficina! —one of the most inadequate of words ever used to denote what is one of the newest, and may be the largest, as it is certainly the most novel, of all modern industrial establishments.

The manufacture of caliche into nitrate of soda is not without its dangers to human life, though these are fewer than they were when men frequently fell into vats of boiling liquors, or broke their limbs in falling from high scaffolding: the latter form of danger still exists, and is almost impossible to guard against. I am free to say, however, that if the guard were possible I do not believe it would be used. There are some trades and processes which not only brutalise the labourers on whom rests the toil of carrying them on, but which no less degrade the mind of those who direct them; and the nitrate manufacture is one of these. 'Joe,' one of the house dogs, fell into one of the heated tanks of the oficina where I was staying, and his quick but dreadful death made

more impression on some than did the untimely death of a man who was killed the day before at the same place. Another item in the agitated landscape which stretches from the balcony where I sat is a spacious burying-ground, walled in as a protection from dogs and carts. But these are not its only or its chief desecrators—the sky furnishes many more. This great oficina contains 1,682 estacas; can produce 900,000 quintals of nitrate a year, and was 'sold' to the Guano Government for 1,250,000 dols.

An estaca is a certain amount of ground 'staked out,' as we might say, and contains about one hundred square yards of available land

There are other oficinas of still greater value than the one mentioned above; as, for instance, those of Gildemeister and Co., and which the Government acquired on the same terms for the same sum.

The markets for this new substance are England, Germany, the United States, California, Chili, and other countries. It is, as a cultivator, a formidable competitor of the guano, and is esteemed by scientific men to be much more valuable. Its price is set down at 19*l.* the

ton, although 12*l.* and 12*l.* 10*s.* was its market value in 1877.

The other sources of wealth in Peru are its railways. They are six in number, only one of which is finished according to the original contracts. The amount of mileage, however, is considerable, so also may be said to be their cost, for the Government has paid to one contractor alone no less a sum than one hundred and thirty millions of dollars. There are other railways whose united lengths amount to about 150 miles; with one exception they cost little, and without an exception they all bring in much.

These do not belong to the Government. The Government railways cost enormous sums and bring in nothing; and it may safely be said that they will never figure, honestly, in the national accounts, except as items of expenditure. The Government of Business Pardo would only have been too glad to become cheap carriers of the national produce, if there had been any produce ready to carry.

But the guano government built their railways without considering what are the primary and elementary use of railways. It is incredible, but none the less true, that the Peruvians be-

lieving the mercantile 'progress' of the United States to spring from railways, thought that nothing more was needed to raise their country to the pinnacle of commercial magnificence than to build a few of these iron ways, and have magic horses fed with fire to caper along them; especially if they could get an American—a real go-a-head American—for their builder. And they did so.

The railway fever has had its virulent type in all parts of the world where railways have appeared. In Peru from 1868 to 1871–2 this fever was perhaps more active and deadly than anywhere; than in Canada, even, which is saying much, for there it took the form of a religious delirium. The Peruvians believed that if they offered a great and wonderful railway to the deities of industry, great and happy commercial times would follow. Just as they believe that give a priest a pyx, a spoon, some wine, and wheaten bread, he can make the body and blood of God; so they believed that give a great American the required elements, he could by some equally mysterious power make Peru one of the great commercial nations of the earth.

Mr. Henry Meiggs,[1] of Catskill 'city' in

[1] For the biography of this estimable gentleman, now gone

New York State, was on this occasion selected as the great high-priest who was to perform the required wonders. Give this magician a few thousand miles of iron rails to form two parallel lines, and a steam engine to run along them, and the vile body of the Peruvian Republic should be changed into a glorious body[1] with a mighty palpitating soul inside of it; the body to be of the true John Bull type for fatness, and the veritable Yankee breed for speed.

This new meaning of the doctrine of transubstantiation was preached to willing and enchanted ears. Ten thousand labourers of all colours and kinds were introduced into the country. 'By God, sir, there was not a steamboat on the broad waters of the Pacific that did not pour into Peru as many *peones* as potatoes from Chili.' These ten thousand men all went up the Andes bearing shovels in their hands, and singing the name of Meiggs as they

to his rest, see 'El Ferrocarril de Arequipa Historia, documentada de su origen construcion é inauguracion.'—Lima, p. 96. 'Ese hombre era ENRIQUE MEIGGS, cuyo nombre va unido inseparable é imperecederamente á los trabajos mas colosales de las republicas del mar Pacifico.

[1] For these and similar ebullitions of profanity I am indebted to the Lima newspapers of the period, and one or two anonymous pamphlets printed in the same city.

went. Millions of nails, and hammers innumerable, rails and barrows, sleepers and picks, chains, and double patent layers, wheels and pistons, with many thousand kegs of blasting powder 'let in duty free,' with all the other infernal implements and apparatus for making the most notable railway of this age,[1] poured into Peru marked with the name of Meiggs. You could no more breathe without Meiggs than you could eat your dinner without swallowing dust, sleep without the sting of fleas or the soothing trumpet of musquitoes. Meiggs everywhere; in sunshine and in storm, on the sea and on the heights of the world, now called Mount Meiggs; in the earthquake,[2] and in the peaceful atmosphere of the most elegant society in the world. The wonderful activity on the Mollendo and Arequipa railway, carried on without ceasing, produced an ecstasy of hope, certainly an eruption of blasphemy. Every valley was to be exalted; every Peruvian mountain, hitherto sacred to snow and the traditions of the Incas, should be laid low by the wand of Meiggs; the desert of course

[1] Paz-Soldan.

[2] With a liberality on a scale equal to all his achievements, Mr. Meiggs subscribed $50,000 for the sufferers in the terrible earthquake which desolated Arequipa and destroyed Arica.

should blossom as the rose : no more iron should be sharpened into swords ; ploughshares and pruning-hooks should be in such demand that every blade and dagger or weapon of war in the old world would be required to make them. And a highway should be there, in which should be no lion, even a highway for our GOD. All this mixture of inappropriate metaphors was poured into the ears of the enchanted Peruvians for the space of three years and more. The railway as far as Arequipa was at length finished, the Oroya Railway was begun.

It will probably never be finished.

Robert Stephenson is reported to have said once before a railway committee : 'My Lords, you can carry a railway to the Antipodes if you wish ; it is only a matter of expense.' The Peruvians, aided by the arch-priest Meiggs, 'the Messiah of railways, who was to bring salvation to the Peruvian Republic,' and steadfastly believing in the Meiggs' method of transubstantiation, commenced building a railway, not to Calcutta, but to the moon.[1]

[1] It is difficult to be original in this age of metaphor. Quite by accident I came on a little print published, I believe, in Callao, where I found the following :

'RAILROADS IN THE CLOUDS.

'Looking over our exchanges we found the following. It is

As early as 1859 the Oroya Railway began to be thought of seriously, and the late President of Peru, with two other gentlemen of character, were appointed a commission to collect data and make calculations for a railway between Lima and Jauja. Nothing, however, was done until 1864, when Congress authorised the Government, Castilla then being President, to construct a railway to Caxamarca, with an annual guarantee of 7 per cent. for twenty-five years.

from the New York *Sun* of January 16, and gives an account of Mr. John G. Meiggs being "interviewed" in that city.

'Mr. John Meiggs, brother of Henry Meiggs, the "King of Peru," as the millionaire contractor is called in South America, is lodging in the Clarendon Hotel. He is a tall, large man, past middle age, and with a clear penetrating hazel eye. He has an important share in the management of his brother's affairs. "Peru," he said, "is richer in the precious metals than any other country in the world. Our engineers in building the railroad from the coast of Puno have come across a hundred silver mines, any one of which might be profitably worked, if in the United States. If these mines are worked, the railroads we have built will be a blessing to the country."

'Reporter—"I understand that there are marvels of engineering on some of your railroads?"

'Mr. Meiggs—"Yes. One of our roads crosses the mountains at 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. Some of the bridges, too, are very lofty, and built with a skill that would do credit to any part of the world."

'Reporter—"Your brother is said to be worth several millions of dollars?"

'Mr. Meiggs—"Whatever he obtained in Peru he has fully earned, and whatever he owed there or elsewhere he has paid. He has not been a seeker of contracts. On the contrary, he has rejected contracts that the Government wished him to take."'

The railway fever now began to increase in force and virulence, and in 1868 the President of the Republic was authorised to construct railways from Mollendo to Arequipa, Puno and Cuzco; from Chimbote to Santa or Huaraz; from Trujillo to Pacasmayo and to Caxamarca; from Lima to Jauja; and others which the Republic might need—a very respectable order to be given in one day. The Oroya Railway was to be 145 miles in length, and to cost 27,600,000 dols. To Puno the length was to be 232 miles from Arequipa, and the cost 35,000,000 dols. From Mollendo to Arequipa, 12,000,000 dols., the length being 107 miles.[1] Ilo to Moquegua, 63 miles, 6,700,000 dols. Pacasmayo to Caxamarca, or Guadalupe, or Magdalena, 83 miles, 7,700,000 dols. Payto to Piura, 63 miles. Chimbote to Huaraz, 172 miles, 40,000,000 dols.[2]

Immediately after this small order was given, and Meiggs began to fill the world with the sound of his name, the Lima editors commenced their fulsome and disgusting eloquence, which day by day held all people in suspense.

[1] To which may be added $2,000,000 more for the conveyance of water along the line nearly from Arequipa to Mollendo.

[2] A copy of all the contracts for these railways made between Mr. Meiggs and the Peruvian Government, presented to me by Business Pardo, is now in the British Museum.

'As puissant as colossal are the labours of the administration of Col. Don José Balta, who, without offence be it said, has a monomania for the construction of railways and public works—the infirmity of a divine inspiration in a head of the State.'

What the infirmity of a divine inspiration may be we will not stay to enquire.

He goes on: 'The administration of Balta has converted the nation into a workshop. We say it in his honour that he has constructed rather than governed; but he has constructed well and firmly. He has done more than this, he has created and conserved the habit of work in all the nation, demonstrating by the argument of deeds that revolutions spring principally from idleness.' 'Balta has cast a net of railways over the country which has taken anarchy captive. Without any difficulty might it be argued that the time of Balta will be the Octavian Era of Peru.' [1]

Enough of this. Suffice it to say that among all these oratorical colonels, generals, lawyers, ministers of state, and accomplished editors, there was not one who had the honesty or the pluck to stand up and declare that it was all

[1] Ferrocarril de Arequipa, pp. lxxxi-ii.

false which had so eloquently been said of the Oroya and the Arequipa Railways. They are neither the railways of the age nor of the day. There is one short railway in South America, the construction of which called forth more skill, pluck, and endurance than all the Meiggs railways put together, and this one railway has already earned in the first quarter of the century of its existence more money than all the government railways will ever earn during the next age. Hundreds of these inflated colonels and generals, judges, ministers of state, and accomplished editors, must have passed over the railway, which, running through a tropical forest, connects the Pacific with the Atlantic Ocean. Meiggs himself must have known it well; but neither he nor any of the inspired idiots who drowned him in butter had the valour to make mention of it by one poor word. The bridge over the Chagres river is of more utility, as it will win more enduring fame, than all the bridges on the Oroya, including those which 'are sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea.' The Oroya bridges bear the same relation to those on the Panama Railway as the feat of the man who walked across the Falls of Niagara bears to the economy of walking. As

Blondin was the only man who made any profit out of that performance, so Meiggs, the Messiah of railways, will be the only person who will for some time to come profit by the building of the Oroya and Lima line of railway. Alas! this was said at the time with too little care.

It is surely impossible that all the reports one has been compelled to give ear to of great silver mines and mines of copper existing on this line can be false. Yet mining, especially in Peru, is not free from danger; it is also not a little mixed up with lying and cheating, and it has an historical reputation for exaggeration. The copper mines on the Chimbote line, however, are quite another matter. If those on the Oroya can be demonstrated to be equally good, and the silver mines only half as good and as great, Peru may yet lift up her head. Indeed she must. With the aid of Chili, if it be taken in a manful spirit, Peruvian industry will be revived. Borrowing had dulled the edge of her husbandry —nay, it was as dull as the edge of a hatchet made of lead. But these Chimbote copper mines are a case in point to show what may yet be done in Peru by private enterprise going hand in hand with political freedom the reign of law and the end of the Guano Age.

Peru was a Republic only in name, 'governed' or rather farmed by groups or families of despots, who frequently quarrel among themselves, cut each other's throats, and alternately embraced and kissed each other, in a manner sickening to anyone who is not a moral eunuch.[1] Only those who were rich enough to escape to Chili could be safe from the above gentle process. General Prado was once one of those favoured Peruvians. Had not Business Pardo fled from Lima during the revolting days of the Gutierrz terror, he too would have gone the way of all flesh and Peruvian political farmers at any early date than he did.

The people of Peru, those who are to be distinguished from the families who farm them, are hard-working, industrious, sober, ignorant, excitable and superstitious. They are fond of serving their masters, they like to be called 'children' by the great colonels, the great sugar-boilers, and all who ride on horses and live, even though it be at other people's expense, in great houses.

[1] *Estratocracia* I find is the technical term by which Espinosa would designate the Government of Peru or a government by the military. This would seem to be true, seeing that since Peru became a Republic all its Presidents with only one exception have been colonels, generals, and field-marshals.

The Peruvian dictionary of Espinosa, though it does not contain the word Republic, does contain the history of Peru. Let us turn to the article 'Liberty.'

'LA LIBERTAD,' says our brave soldier author. 'does not consist, civilly or socially speaking, in each one doing what he likes. By thus understanding liberty some governments have fallen, and some people have lost what they had gained.

'Liberty consists in each one having the power to do, at all events, that which the law has not forbidden, in not damaging another in his rights, or property, or in his moral and material well-being.

'That society is not free while any of its members are unable to express their thoughts without hindrance.

'That society is not free when one or more of its industries are prohibited under the pretext of monopoly or privilege.

'It is not free when it cares not, or is unable, to arraign a lying magistrate.

'That society is not free which does not possess political morality. This consists in—

'I. Keeping the treaties and covenants made with other nations.

'II. In submitting to the law without its ever supposing itself entitled to falsify it by cunning arts, or paltry subterfuge.

'III. In holding up to scorn whatever crime affects the national honour.

'IV. In not corrupting its institutions for personal considerations. A people will find it very difficult to maintain its freedom, which is without sufficient spirit to provide itself with good institutions, and afterwards ready to put so much faith in them, that it will become a religious duty rigorously to support them.

'By what right does Spanish-America call itself republican, if it has not renounced the custom of a despotic monarchical absolutism?

'These unhappy people have given themselves very liberal laws, and have afterwards abandoned them at the caprice of men without having the least faith in their own institutions.

'How can they thus hope to be free?

'It costs nothing, nor is it of any value to shout LIBERTY, LIBERTY. But that which is of great price, and can never be too costly, is to acquire liberty by means of good manners, by the custom of respecting the law and making it respected, by respecting the rights of others, and making them respected by all; to be just

with all the world, and ashamed of every evil act. Behold, how liberty is to be acquired. In fine, liberty is the health of the soul, and he cannot be free who has not a healthy conscience.'

'The greater number of our liberals,' he adds in another place, with one of his happiest flashes of poetic truth, of which the book is full, 'the greater number of our liberals are like musical instruments which do not retain the sound they give when played upon,' i.e. they are cracked.

Let it be added that this soldier of the sword and of the pen, who fought and bled on the field of battle for Peruvian civil liberty, and sighed and cried in peaceful days for a freedom still greater and better, died poor and neglected. The present Peruvian Government sought all over Lima for complete copies of his works to send to Philadelphia, but allowed those whom he has left behind him, and who bear his name, to languish in obscurity and in want; and Business Pardo and his ministers, although good in many things, were in others nothing better than cracked musical instruments. Peru was only a Republic in name, liberty did not exist, its people were not free, and the country remained

at the mercy of men who at any moment, and in the most unexpected manner, could turn it into a hotbed of what is called revolution.

A revolution was expected whilst I was visiting there. The man whose administration designed and carried through one of the 'railways of the age,' the personal friend of Meiggs, who had taken anarchy captive in an iron net, was shortly afterwards in the most cowardly, brutal, and sudden way first made prisoner, while he was yet President, and then murdered in his jail.

Great as is the love of the common people for their superiors, they are not to be relied upon in days of great excitement, and when there is abundance of loose change flying about. How could it be otherwise?

How often did ministers and public men meet the people in common? Never, except in a religious procession carrying an enormous wax candle a yard long, and as thick as a rolling-pin, or at the Theatre on el dos de Mayo, and not then unless there had been some pleasant news announced the day before.

How often were the people enlightened by a clear and straightforward statement of the public accounts? Never. Did not the free

press of Lima support the Government, or now and then criticise its acts in the interest of the people? The answer is that there never was a free press in Lima.

No plan of the Government was ever made known until it had been accomplished. Everything was done in secret and underground. Rumour was the great agent of the Government and mystery its chief force. So mysterious were the ways of the Executive that itself was not unfrequently a mystery to itself. No Peruvian Government has ever had the courage to take the people into its confidence, and the people were too busy with their own personal anxieties to think of, much less to resent, the slight.

In other matters the press was very busy. Some of the most biting criticisms on priests, on auricular confession, on the infallibility of the Pope and the Immaculate Conception have appeared in the Lima press. Their teachers, in brief, have ridiculed the gods of the people and given them none to adore. No intellectual society in Lima associate with priests. No common Peruvian priest was ever seen in the houses of the rich, or the respectable poor.

Lest it should be thought that the greater

part of these statements is pure rhetoric, or mere private opinion, and not stubborn facts, let us now ask two questions.

What use has Peru made of the great income it derived during the past generation from the national guano? What is there to show for the many million pounds sterling it derived from this source, and from money lent by English bondholders?

Let us hasten at once to acknowledge that it has spent 150,000,000 dols. in railways. But let us also repeat that the greatest authority in Peru stigmatised these railways as *locuras*, or follies. This is not an encouraging beginning. But alas it is not only the beginning, it is also the end of the whole account.

There is nothing else to be seen. There is not a single lighthouse or light on any dangerous rock, or at any port difficult to make along the whole of its coast. All the fructifying rivers of the hills still steal into the sea. Had half the money which has been spent on the Oroya Railway been expended on works of irrigation, the Government of Peru might still be in existence, and in the possession of a respectable revenue.

A morning visit to the market-place in Lima on any day of the week is enough to convince

even a Guano Peruvian, who knows something else besides how to play rocambor, of the truth of this statement.

Internal roads, excepting these 'railways of the age,' there are none.

It might be thought by some ordinary people, of business habits and a little reflection, that a country like Peru, which can boast of as many seaports as it can of first-class towns and cities, would provide those ports with convenient landing-places, moles, or piers.

There is one good pier on the whole coast, which in its useless grandeur stretches out a mile into the ocean ; as the Oroya Railway, like a mighty python, creeps up the precipitous slopes of the Andes 'sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea.'

As everyone knows, the Pacific is a peaceful sea, as quiet as milk in a saucer. But like almost all the things that everyone knows, this piece of knowledge will hardly bear the test of experience. Twenty miles or less from its shore, the Pacific on the Peruvian coast may be said to be as calm and placid as a man's unresisted vices. Put a restraint upon, or raise a barrier against the most modest of the man's wishes, and these suddenly show their strength,

even the strength, as some have found to their cost, of resistless passion. It is thus with this Pacific sea. When it comes against a rocky shore, or the miserable wooden barriers which the Guano Peruvian Government put up for the convenience and comfort of passengers, and the despatch of business, it becomes more like a wild beast, or a watery volcano, or any other fierce and angry force which cannot by ordinary means be restrained. What fun it used to be to a Guano Peruvian to see a lady dressed in pink satin and blue silk boots get a sudden ducking in salt water, or to watch in safety from the shore a boat full of anxious and highly dressed colonels and sugar-boilers, editors and lawyers, get drenched to the skin, and almost robbed of their breath, in trying to effect a landing at Huacho, Islay, or Mollendo, Iquique, or Chala, or even Callao.

If any of the readers of this brief but eventful history would desire to see what the Guano Peruvian Republic was like, they should procure a description of the arrival at the latter chief port of the nation of a mail, or a cattle steamer. They would not fail to see an exhibition of confusion, extortion, bullying, insolence, cruelty, and official imbecility, which could not

be equalled in any other part of the civilised or uncivilised world, including New Guinea or Eragomanga. A steamer, the European mail for example, used to drop its anchor about two miles from the shore. It was then surrounded by a hundred small boats, each containing two, sometimes more, coloured men at the oars. The screaming, gesticulating, and brutal language of these dark creatures defy description. The authorities had no control over them, the captain of the steamer was powerless against the invasion of his ship, and all passengers who had no friends, who knew nothing of the country, and could not speak Spanish, were placed at the mercy of a swarm of harpies.

Here you have an epitome of what Peru was up to yesterday. Gentlemen and rogues jostling one another in painful contiguity. Gentlewomen and their opposite, men who work and scoundrels who prey upon other people's labour, priests and colonels, knowledge and ignorance, in some form or other brought in violent collision: the utmost freedom of opinion and nobody to keep the peace!

It will of course be demanded by those interested in the prospects of Peru and the rise in value of the Peruvian bonds, 'If Chili has her

own deposits of nitrate and abundance of copper and coal, will she not prefer to work these in preference to promoting those of Peru?'

The answer is simple and easy. Chili has a market for her produce in Peru which is of the greatest importance to her. It is also all-important to Chili to develope her agriculture not only for the reasons of giving abundance and variety of industries to her people, but also to sustain those of her citizens whose smelting works and mines are dependent upon her for every potato, cabbage, lettuce, orange, and apple they may require, to say nothing of corn and wine and oil—and these requirements are very great. The agriculture of Chili can be much extended; but its profitable extension depends upon the people of the coast finding plenty of profitable work. It is of paramount importance to Chili, therefore, that the West coast people have every facility given to them for getting into harness as quickly as possible and to work at whatever of useful employment their hands find to do—and it is to the manifest risk of Chili to pursue a policy that would be likely to bring about a different result to this. For some time to come the flag of Chili must float in the lazy air of the City of Kings—on the yellow mud walls and

forts and custom house of Callao—on every guano island and nitrate plain—at every railway station, port, promontory, and pier from Payta to the Straits of Magellan.

How long this may have so to be rests, we believe, alone with those Peruvians who have sufficient common sense to know the full meaning of the saying, that 'God does not strike with both hands;' and that although they have been greatly stricken indeed, they are left with the power to rise again to a better life than they have yet enjoyed or ever dreamed of till now.

The early *Conquistadores* of Peru made vast fortunes in the interior of the country, and yet they never exported quinine-bearing barks, nor coca, nor cacao, nor wool, nor cotton, nor coffee, nor maize. Let the present Peruvian set to work and cultivate and subdue the earth; perhaps by the time that he has produced something good to send to an older world the Panama Canal will be open, and then he will be glad that he got licked at Miraflores and elsewhere. There is more in this than may be supposed. Take the following account of the annual fair held at Vilque, a town of the far interior:—

'Outside the town were thousands of mules from Tucuman, waiting for Peruvians to buy

them. In the plaza were booths full of every description of Manchester and Birmingham goods; in more retired places were gold-dust and coffee from Caravaya, silver from the mines, bark and chocolate, Germans with glassware and woollen knitted work, French *modistes*, Italians, Quichua and Aymara Indians in their various picturesque costumes—in fact, all nations and tongues.'[1]

The Jesuit fathers many years ago cultivated this and many other regions of the vast interior in a perfectly magnificent way, and if all of that profession were now to retire thither with some Peruvians it would be a great blessing to the world.

[1] See Markham's 'Chinchona,' p. 207, Mr. Murray's edition.

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